



No. 516.—VOL. XL.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON AS OTHELLO.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

DESPITE the little bitternesses of the lesser Theatrical Clubs, the fact still remains that the truest friend of the actor is the theatrical critic. One does not refer, of course, to the mere newspaper reporter; such an one, to use a Biblical term, has his reward. But he who reads diligently the criticisms of our leading critics—William Archer, A. B. Walkley, Max Beerbohm, E. F. Spence, J. T. Grein, and the two or three others whose names will at once occur to the student of things theatrical—will find that in no single instance does a good piece of histrionic work go unnoticed. To tell the truth, the critic is far more likely to be lenient in the case of the actor than in the case of the dramatist. Whether this partiality arises out of the fact that the dramatist's calling is the nearer to his own, it is not for me to say. In any case, certain it is that the after-supper sneers of the lesser Theatrical Clubs are rather a confession of incompetence than a vindication of merit.

The immediate cause of this torrential outburst is the publication of J. T. Grein's third volume of "Dramatic Criticism." For, no matter how caustic his notice of the play, Mr. Grein has always something nice to write of the manager who produced that play and the people who helped the manager to present it to the public. Of Miss Lily Brayton's charming performance in "Twelfth Night," he says: "It is such acting we want to do justice to our national poet. Now, let Miss Brayton plough on and keep her head steady." Who shall say that Miss Brayton's subsequent triumphs have not been due, in a great measure, to this paternal advice? But Mr. Grein is not always in the mood glucose. Hear him, for instance, on the subject of that horribly successful drama entitled "Sherlock Holmes." Says he: "Here is a play that has not even skilful workmanship to recommend, nor yet thrilling situations to redeem it. It is a 'penny dreadful' minus the coherence which is to be found in even that very cheap product of scribblership." Of course, Mr. Grein, at the time of writing this notice, had no means of telling that the play would appeal to many thousands of the "penny dreadful" public. But, there! The outspoken critic must put up with these little set-backs. Taken in a lump, Mr. Grein will be found to furnish excellent reading, and, as I have said, he is generally a very good friend to the working actor. The third volume of "Dramatic Criticism" should find a warm welcome in the lesser Theatrical Clubs.

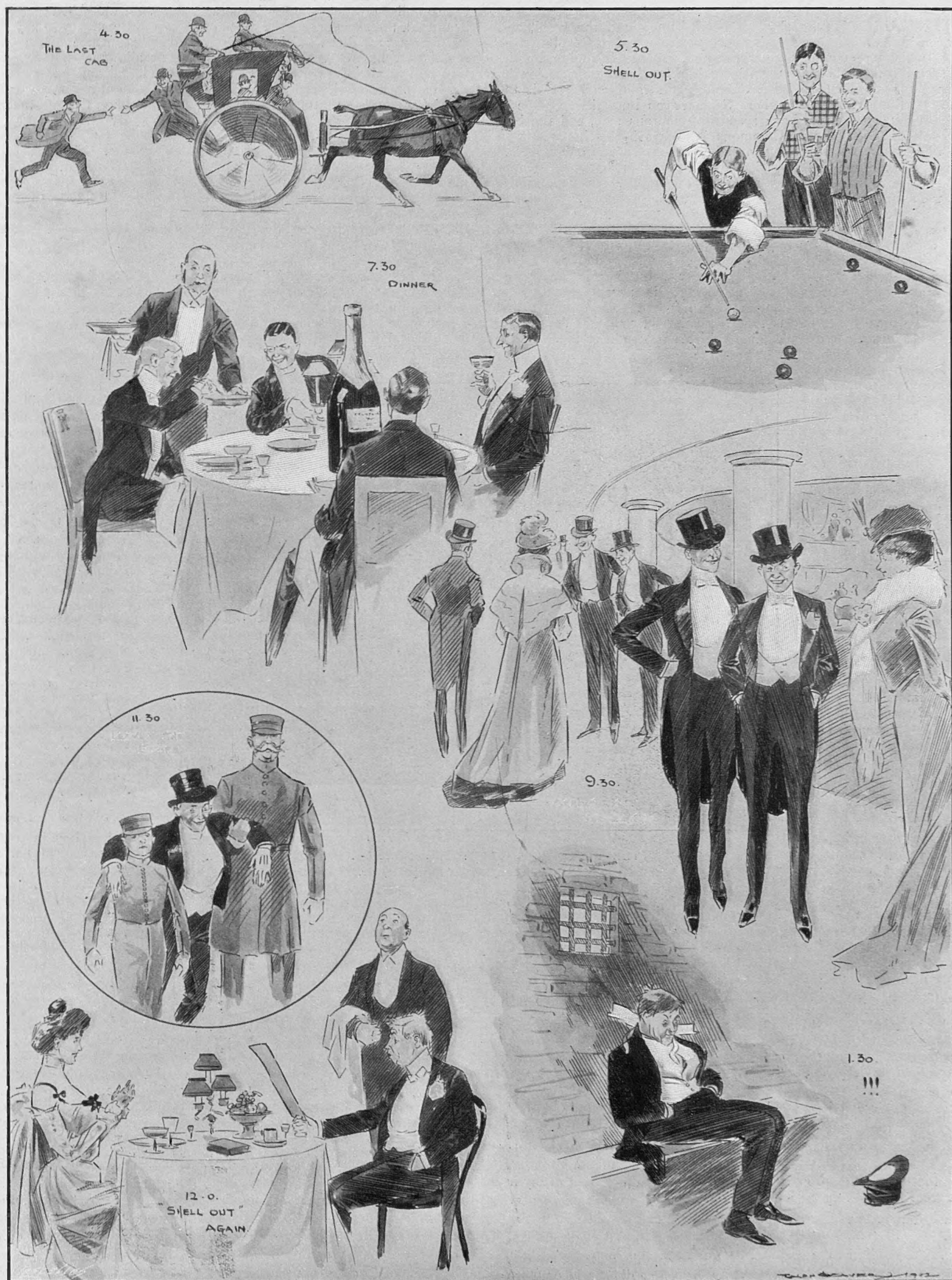
I read in the *Westminster Gazette* that Madame Margueritte Durand, the proprietress of the woman's newspaper, *La Fronde*, has made a present of that journal to the members of the staff. Madame Durand, it seems, will become one of the co-workers instead of the sole proprietress. Here, then, is an announcement that reaches my heart. I take off my hat to Madame Durand! I regard the lady as one of those rare philanthropists who go to prove that the rule is still in force. But the paragraph, startling as it may seem to the casual reader, has no surprises for me. For I know something about this woman's newspaper. I have had the privilege of making a tour of inspection round the offices of *La Fronde*, and there I saw so many unusual things that I am not in the least amazed to read this extraordinary announcement. The lobby, for example, is laid out in the style of a concert-hall; I understand that sweet music is discoursed there daily. Moreover, there is afternoon-tea in this lobby for all and sundry: small cakes, jams, cigarettes, what you will. Above-stairs, everything is on the same scale of careless generosity; even the compositors, all of whom are women, have their cases delicately adorned with dear little vases of flowers. In short, this is the ideal

newspaper office, and it is therefore quite in keeping with the general scheme of things that the proprietress should have lived up to her standard so far as to present the whole bag of tricks to the staff.

The undergraduate mind, though not always a thing of joy, is still sufficiently interesting to warrant occasional notice. On Saturday last, for instance, a certain number of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates made the usual excuse of an inter-Varsity match to get themselves violently ejected from various places of amusement. Throughout the remainder of their University careers, they will stalk to and fro as the men who got into trouble on the night of the Rugger Match. This sort of fame is so easy of attainment that one can hardly wonder at its popularity. Even after they have left the University, there are a certain number of men who take infinite satisfaction in informing one that they were "terribly screwed" on such and such an occasion, quite oblivious of the fact that the greater fool a man may happen to be, the easier it is for him to get drunk. "Some men," as the vinegary old lady in "The New Woman" says, "are always at Oxford."

The advent of a New Year sets everybody buying calendars and diaries. Personally, I don't keep a diary; the things that are worth remembering, I find, are so few and far between that one can keep them in memory without the aid of ink and paper. But I do like "tear-off" calendars. There is a satisfaction in watching the bundle of days grow less and less that never palls upon me. I would not have you imagine, however, that I am indulging in a little cheap pessimism; on the contrary, I hold that the man who regards the passage of time with regret can never be really happy. He is in exactly the same position with regard to Life as the schoolboy who makes himself miserable all the holidays by thinking ruefully of the Black Monday that, before very long, will put an end to them. When I was a schoolboy, I did that. Every night of my holidays I used to count the days that still remained to me, and the last week resolved itself into a period of positive torture. Time, thank goodness, has shown me another and a saner point of view; that is why I am able to chuckle as I tear the leaves off my calendar.

I have already provided myself with one of these delightful articles for the coming year. It is called "The Shakespeare Calendar for 1903," and the card is prettily decorated with a picture of two young women, in summery attire, engaged in making daisy-chains. Every leaf, to the best of my knowledge, contains a quotation from the Poet's works, the one for the First of January being, "O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil." That is an excellent piece of advice, and one that I ever strive to bear in mind when I am writing these notes. I wonder, by the way, who is responsible for the selection of quotations for calendars. Whoever he may be, I should like to warn him that he is engaged upon work of the very greatest responsibility. At home, I remember, we used to take it in turns each morning to remove the old leaf from the calendar and read out the extract for the coming day. This happened immediately before family prayers, and the quotation often served as the text for a short but pithy paternal lecture. One year, however, we presented the Head of the House with a "Pickwick Calendar," and, while that lasted, the lectures were neither so many in number nor so serious in tone. All the same, I hope our frivolous example will not be followed by any youthful *Sketch* readers who may happen to light upon this short confession. My only object in relating the anecdote is to carry out the exhortation of my calendar for January the First.



AFTER THE INTER-'VARSITY RUGGER MATCH ON SATURDAY LAST:

SOME INCIDENTS RECORDED BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

Venezuela—President Castro as a Humorist—The late Mr. Harry McCalmont.

VENEZUELA is the real comic-opera Republic of the world, and with its hundred Generals to every private, and its Revolutions—which are conducted, except when a battle is raging, on the most friendly terms between the principals, though they are occasionally obliged to assassinate a bosom-friend, with infinite regret—is the country beloved above all others by American humorists. Some of our own countrymen also have seen its humorous side, and the best story-teller in the House of Commons is always in his happiest vein when he commences a story, "In the days when I was in Venezuela." Of course, there are some people who do not appreciate the humour that is to be extracted from Venezuela, and amongst these are those of our countrymen who are owed money by the Republic. Whenever the State debtors become pressing, Venezuela has a Revolution, and the new Government blandly regrets that it finds itself quite unable to hold itself responsible for the debts of the traitorous scoundrels who held power before it liberated the country. Another good Venezuelan stroke of humour is to seize property belonging to foreigners. Anything, from a watch to a railway, is acceptable to your patriotic Venezuelan, so long as he has not to pay for it and can make money out of it. Another splendid practical Venezuelan joke is to arrest all the available subjects of countries to which the State is a debtor, just to impress on them that there are more disagreeable things than being owed money.

President Castro is a splendid humorist himself, and, were it not that he probably likes the Venezuelan climate and would not be happy without a daily Revolutionary battle, might settle in London or New York and acquire a large fortune by owning and editing a comic paper. His manifestoes are the most humorous documents of the age, and the one published a week or two ago, in which in glowing language he described a fierce battle which never took place and a brilliant victory of the Government forces over the Revolutionaries, whom he scathed with a dozen vitriolic adjectives, was a marvel of jocular imagination. His last reported move is a practical joke with a fine spice of Gilbertian humour in it. He proposes to release his principal political opponent, who just now is having a restful time in jail, and to make him Commander-in-Chief of the Army, placing the head of the Revolutionary horde, whom he has frequently promised to hang, draw, quarter, shoot, and strangle, if ever he lays hands on him, in the War Office as Minister. The Revolutionary army and the Government troops are to unite in repelling the invaders, and, no doubt, afterwards, President Castro reserves to himself the right to do what he likes with his War Minister and Commander-in-Chief. He would probably think that heroes could not die at a fitter moment than in the hour of victory.

The Venezuelan Navy is, of course, one *pour rire*. The *Bolivar*, named after the great Venezuelan hero, a torpedo-gunboat, was the only vessel that was at all up to modern requirements, the others being a river-gunboat and some tramp steamers armed for the occasion. One of these men-of-war was not sunk because the French Consul said that it was the property of a French subject, who probably had not received anything for its hire.

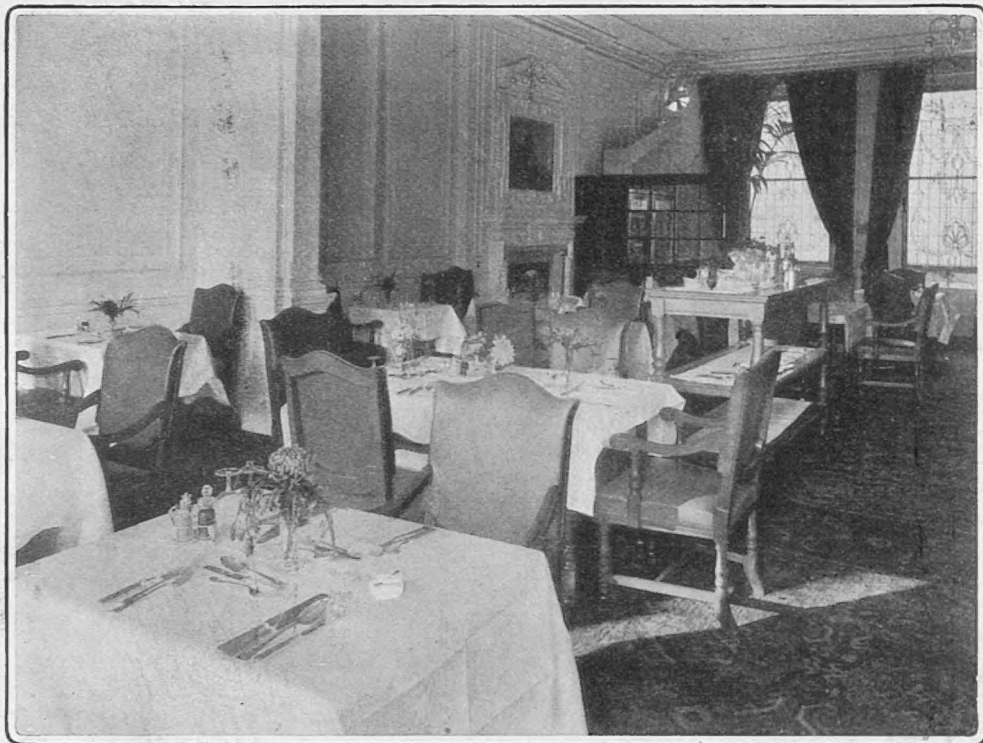
The death of Mr. Harry McCalmont is universally regretted, for he was a millionaire who was known and liked in many circles. He was a cheery companion at a Club dinner-table, and will be much missed at the Beefsteak Club, where he often dined when up from Cheveley to attend Parliament. He was popular in the House, where, however, he rarely spoke; he was a good soldier, and thoroughly enjoyed his campaigning experiences in South Africa, where he went in command of his Militia regiment, a regiment of which he was very

proud; and he was a prominent figure in racing and yachting circles. It was a proof of the bluff *bonhomie* of the good fellow gone that no one ever thought of calling him "Henry." He was "Harry" to all the world. Every enterprise he entered upon prospered, not only because he could back it with unlimited money, but also because he brought to bear on all things much shrewd common-sense. It was, I have always been told, the excellent use he made of a very little money when he was a young subaltern which brought him his great fortune. His uncle found that he was making a very moderate allowance go a long way, and was living as a married man in the Guards and not getting into debt. The rich man, to whom Harry McCalmont never made any special advances, and from whom he expected nothing, thought that a young soldier who could make so very little go so far might be trusted to use great wealth well, and one day the young Guardsman woke to find that he was worth four millions of money. No man ever had his head less turned by sudden fortune, and one of the first kindly things that he did was to help some of his friends who had lagged behind in the world's race, and he did this in such a tactful manner that the men helped, proud though they might be, could accept his aid, and their world never knew what he had done for them.

He brought a sound judgment to bear on racing, and from Timothy, the horse with which he won the Ascot Cup while he was still in the Guards, to St. Maclou and Rising Glass, his horses which have gained successes this year, he has rarely had a horse in his stable which did not pay handsomely towards its keep.

Isinglass was, of course, a horse of the century. Harry McCalmont did not care about the picnic side of yachting, and was rarely, if ever, at Cowes during the Regatta Week, though he was a member of the Squadron. He was a fighting-man at heart, and, when the *Giralda* was built for him, and, later, the boat which he ordered to take her place and which was in the Solent this summer, he arranged that they should be useful vessels in war-time, and would have put them at the service of the naval authorities if Britain had embarked on a naval war during his lifetime. As it was, Spain, at the time of the Spanish-American War, bought the *Giralda* to use her as a cruiser in the Mediterranean,

hoping that she would capture the yachts of a few American millionaires. I saw her this autumn, looking very spruce as the King of Spain's yacht, lying in the harbour of San Sebastian.



THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB: THE DINING-ROOM.
Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.

THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB-HOUSE.

"After this date the entrance-fee to the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland will be ten guineas." So runs the announcement for Dec. 31 in "Debrett's Coming Events." It will be a surprise to many who thought that Great Britain was woefully behind in motor matters to learn that the Automobile Club is the largest Motor-car Club in the world, the total number of members being 2180. Last spring, the Club acquired a fine mansion in Piccadilly (No. 119), and this has now been converted into a most comfortable Club-house. In addition, it houses the large clerical staff which carries on the work of the Club, and large livery-stables at the back have been acquired, to be adapted for the storage of cars and various other purposes. The Club-rooms are beautifully fitted and furnished, and on the walls will soon hang some valuable automobile pictures, the gifts of Sir David Salomons and other members. The photograph of the dining-room here reproduced will give some idea of the interior of the Club's new home.

The copyright of the excellent photograph of the "Pitt Dining-room" in Mr. Balfour's Downing Street residence, published in last week's *Sketch*, is the property of Mr. Augustin Rischgitz, of the International Art Supply and General Information Agency.

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WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24.—A FAST LATE TRAIN to CHISLEHURST, SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, leaving CHARING CROSS at 12.55 a.m., WATERLOO 12.59 a.m., CANNON STREET 1.5 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 1.10 a.m., and NEW CROSS at 1.18 a.m. A FAST LATE TRAIN to CHATHAM, SITTINGBOURNE, FAVERSHAM, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, CANTERBURY, WALMER, DEAL, and DOVER, leaving VICTORIA 12 Midnight and HOLBORN 11.55 p.m.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Several Extra Trains will run, but the Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

BOXING DAY.—CHEAP PANTOMIME EXCURSIONS FROM PRINCIPAL STATIONS to LONDON, returning about midnight. Frequent Special and Ordinary Trains from VICTORIA, HOLBORN, LUDGATE HILL, and ST. PAUL'S to the CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH-LEVEL STATION) and vice versa. CHEAP EXCURSION to ALDERSHOT, LEAVING CHARING CROSS at 6.50 and 9.24 a.m. Return Day Fare, 3s. During the Holidays several Trains will be withdrawn or altered. For further particulars as to Times of Trains, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programme.
VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

EXCURSION to PARIS, via Southampton, Havre, and Rouen, on Dec. 22, 23, and 24, for 14 days or less, from LONDON (WATERLOO) and certain Suburban Stations. RETURN FARES, First, 39s. 3d.; Second, 30s. 3d.; and Third Class, 26s.

ADDITIONAL AND LATE TRAINS, conveying Passengers at Ordinary Fares, will leave WATERLOO STATION as under—
At 9.50 p.m. for WYMOUTH on Dec. 22, 23, 24, and 26; and at 8.30 p.m. on Christmas Day.

ON TUESDAY, DEC. 23.

At 11.45 p.m. for Salisbury, Yeovil, EXETER, and intermediate Stations; also BARNSTAPLE, Ilfracombe, Bideford, Okehampton, Bude, LAUNCESTON, Wadebridge, BODMIN, Tavistock, Devonport, PLYMOUTH, and other Stations in Devon and Cornwall.

ON WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24.

At 5.40, 5.50 p.m., and 1.0 Midnight for EXETER, Crediton, Okehampton, TAVISTOCK, Devonport, PLYMOUTH, and certain intermediate Stations.

At 5.50 p.m. and 12.55 Midnight for BARNSTAPLE, Ilfracombe, Bideford, TORRINGTON, and other North Devon Stations.

At 10.35 p.m. for SALISBURY, Yeovil Junction, EXETER, &c., also CHARD, Seaton, SIDMOUTH, Budleigh Salterton, and EXMOUTH Branches.

At 10.40 p.m. for Basingstoke, Andover Junction, SALISBURY, Semley, Templecombe, Shepton Mallet, Radstock, BATH, Sherborne, YEOVIL, &c.

At 12.45 Midnight for LAUNCESTON, Bude, Holsworthy, Camelford, Wadebridge, BODMIN, Padstow, &c.

At 12.20 p.m. for SOUTHAMPTON WEST and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 3.25 p.m. for GUILDFORD, Petersfield, PORTSMOUTH, &c.

At 4.5 p.m. DIRECT EXPRESS to BOURNEMOUTH.

At 10.5 p.m. for Basingstoke, Eastleigh, Brockenhurst, Christchurch, BOURNEMOUTH, Poole, SWANAGE, Dorchester, Weymouth, &c.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

At 5.50 a.m. for EXETER, Tavistock, Devonport, PLYMOUTH, Ilfracombe, BARNSTAPLE, Torrington, Bideford, Honiton, Axminster, YEOVIL, Salisbury, SOUTHAMPTON WEST, Brockenhurst, BOURNEMOUTH, Poole, SWANAGE, Dorchester, Weymouth, &c.

At 7.55 a.m. for Christchurch, BOURNEMOUTH, Lymington, Yarmouth, Botley, Fareham, Gosport, PORTSMOUTH, Romsey, ISLE OF WIGHT, &c.

At 7.55 and 9.45 a.m. for Farnborough, Basingstoke, WINCHESTER, Eastleigh, SOUTHAMPTON, &c.

At 8.35 a.m. for GUILDFORD, Petersfield, PORTSMOUTH, &c.

Convey third-class passengers only.

For full particulars of Special Arrangements, altered working of Ordinary Trains, &c., during the holidays, see bills, programmes, &c., to be obtained at the Company's Stations and Offices, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.
CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY. CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

On Dec. 18, 19, 20, 22, 23, and 24 additional trains will be run to meet the requirements of traffic. On Wednesday, Dec. 24, a Special Express at ordinary fares will leave London (King's Cross) at 12.20 midnight, Finsbury Park 12.25, for Welwyn, Stevenage, Hitchin, Biggleswade, Sandy, St. Neots, Huntingdon, Holme, Peterborough, Spalding, Boston, Louth, Grimsby, Grantham, Lincoln, Nottingham, Newark, Retford, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Laister Dyke, Bradford, Halifax, Selby, York.

On CHRISTMAS DAY the trains will run as on Sundays, with the exception that an additional Express will leave London (King's Cross) at 5.15 a.m. for Stamford, Bourne, Lincoln, Nottingham, York, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Batley, and Halifax, stopping at the intermediate stations at which it usually calls on Week-days, and connecting at York with trains for Thirsk, Northallerton, Darlington, Leamside, Durham, Gateshead, Newcastle, Morpeth, Alnmouth, Belford, Berwick, Dunbar, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON (KING'S CROSS, SUBURBAN STATIONS, &c.).

On Wednesday, Dec. 24, for 4, 5, 7, or 16 days, and Wednesday, Dec. 31, for 4, 7, or 16 days, to NORTHALLERTON, DARLINGTON, RICHMOND, DURHAM, NEWCASTLE, ALNWICK, BEKWICK, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, OLAN, PERTH, DUNDEE, ABERDEEN, INVERNESS, and other Stations in Scotland.

On Wednesday, Dec. 24, for 4, 5, 6, or 9 days, to PRINCIPAL STATIONS IN NORFOLK, LINCOLNSHIRE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, LANCASHIRE, YORKSHIRE, NORTH-EASTERN DISTRICT, &c.

On BOXING DAY, Friday, Dec. 26, for 1 day to HATFIELD, ST. ALBANS, HERTFORD, WHEATHAMSTEAD, HARPENDEN, LUTON, DUNSTABLE, HITCHIN, BALDOCK, ROYSTON, and CAMBRIDGE; also for 1, 2, or 3 days, to HUNTINGDON, PETERBOROUGH, GRANTHAM, and NOTTINGHAM.

For fares and full particulars see Bills, to be obtained at the Company's Stations and Town Offices.
OLIVER BURY, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1902.

Additional Express Trains will be run, and Special Arrangements made in connection with the London and North-Western Passenger Trains for the Christmas Holidays, full particulars of which can be obtained at the Company's Stations and Town Offices.

EXCURSIONS

FROM EUSTON, BROAD STREET, KENSINGTON (ADDISON ROAD), WOOLWICH, WILLESDEN JUNCTION, AND OTHER LONDON STATIONS.

ON TUESDAY, DEC. 23.—To DUBLIN, GREENORE, BELFAST, Achill, Ardglass, Armagh, Ballina, Bray, Bundoran, Cork, Downpatrick, Dundalk, Enniskillen, Galway, Greystones, Kenmare, Killee, Killaloe, Killarney, Limerick, Listowel, Londonderry, Navan, Newcastle (Co. Down), Newry, Ovoca, Portrush, Rathfriland, Roscommon, Sligo, Thurles, Warrenpoint, Westport, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in Ireland. To return within 16 days.

ON TUESDAY NIGHT, DEC. 23.—To Abergele, Amlwch, Bangor, Bettws-y-Coed, Carnarvon, Cockermouth, Colwyn Bay, Conway, Corwen, Criccieth, the English Lake District, Furness Line Stations, Holyhead, Holywell, Llanberis, Llandudno, Llanfairfechan, Llanrwst, Maryport, Morecambe, Penmaenmawr, Portmadoc, Pwllheli, Rhyl, Ruthin, Whitehaven, Workington, &c., returning on Dec. 27 or 29, or on Jan. 1.

To Blackburn, Blackpool, Bolton, Carlisle, Carrforth, Chester, Fleetwood, Lancaster, Lytham, Penrith, Preston, St. Anne's-on-Sea, St. Helen's, Southport, Wigan, returning on Dec. 27, 28, or 29, and Jan. 1.

ON WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24.—To Birmingham, Coventry, Dudley, Dudley Port, Kenilworth, Leamington, Northampton, Walsall, Warwick, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, &c., returning on Dec. 27, 28, or 29, or on Jan. 1.

To Aberdovey, Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Borth, Builth Wells, Criccieth, Dolgelly, Ellesmere, Harlech, Llanidloes, Newtown, Oswestry, Portmadoc, Pwllheli, Rhayader, Shrewsbury, Towyn, Wellington, Welshpool, Wrexham, &c., returning Dec. 27 or 29, or on Jan. 1.

To Abergavenny, Carmarthen, Craven Arms, Hereford, Llandrindod Wells, Llangammarch Wells, Llanwrtyd Wells, Merthyr, Swansea, &c., returning Dec. 27 or 29, or on Jan. 1.

ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT, DEC. 24.—To Liverpool, Manchester, Stockport, and Warrington, returning Dec. 26, 27, 28, 29, and on Jan. 1.

To Ashton, Crewe, Lichfield, Macclesfield, Nuneaton, Oldham, Rugby, Stafford, Stalybridge, Stoke-on-Trent, and Tamworth, returning Dec. 27, 28, or 29, or on Jan. 1.

ON WEDNESDAY NIGHTS, DEC. 24, for 4, 5, 7, and 16 DAYS, and DEC. 31, for 4, 7, and 16 DAYS.—To CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Arbroath, Ayr, Balloch, Ballater, Banff, Brechin, Buckie, Callander, Castle Douglas, Crief, Cruden Bay, Dufton, Dumfries, Dundee, Dunkeld, Elgin, Forfar, Forres, Fort William, Gourrock, Grantown, Greenock, Huntly, Inverness, Keith, Kirkcubright, Loch Awe, Moffat, Montrose, Nairn, Newton Stewart, Oban, Peebles, Perth, Stirling, Stonehaven, Stranraer, Strathpeffer, Whithorn, Wigtown, and other places in Scotland.

For Times, Fares, and full particulars, see Bills, which can be obtained at the Stations and Parcels Receiving Offices.
FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.
London, December 1902.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

On WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24, the 6.25 p.m. from PADDINGTON to PLYMOUTH will be extended to Falmouth and PENZANCE, and the 12 midnight from PADDINGTON will convey passengers to Kingsbridge, Wadebridge, Fowey, and Newquay Branches.

SPECIAL TRAINS will leave PADDINGTON as under—
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24.—1.0 night for Reading, Swindon, Bath, BRISTOL, Taunton, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, Cheltenham, Newport, CARDIFF, Swansea, &c.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—5.30 a.m. for Reading, Swindon, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Hereford, Cardiff, Swansea, Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Taunton, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Penzance, Trowbridge, Frome, YEOVIL, Bridport, Dorchester, WEYMOUTH, &c.

5.35 a.m. for OXFORD, Banbury, Leamington, BIRMINGHAM, Wolve hampton, Worcester, Malvern, Kidderminster, &c.

For full particulars of SPECIAL and EXCURSION trains see Pamphlets.

Several through Expresses from and to London will not run on the Bank Holiday, and certain local trains will be discontinued during the Holidays.

Tickets, Pamphlets, and particulars of WEEK-END BOOKINGS obtainable at the Company's Stations and Town Offices.
J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY. CHRISTMAS ARRANGEMENTS, 1902.

ADDITIONAL ORDINARY TRAINS.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 23 and 24, relief trains will be run from St. Pancras and other points as circumstances may require.

DECEMBER 26 and JANUARY 1.

On these dates certain booked trains will be WITHDRAWN, as announced in the Midland Time Tables and by Special Bills at the Stations.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS

From ST. PANCRAS, CITY STATIONS, WOOLWICH and GREENWICH.

TO THE NORTH AND SCOTLAND.

On WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24, for 4, 5, or 7 days, and WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31, for 4 or 7 days: to NEWCASTLE, Berwick, Carlisle, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Kirkcubright, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, Ayr, Kilmarnock, Stranraer, &c., from St. Pancras at 10 p.m., Kentish Town 10.5, and Victoria (S. E. and C.) at 8.3 p.m., and to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Montrose, Aberdeen, &c., leaving ST. PANCRAS at 9.15 p.m., Kentish Town 8.44, and Victoria (S. E. & C.) 7.2 p.m. Passengers will also be booked from Moorgate Street, Aldersgate Street, and Farringdon Street by any Midland or Metropolitan train to King's Cross or Kentish Town, to join these trains at St. Pancras or Kentish Town.

RETURN TICKETS at about a THIRD-CLASS SINGLE FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY will be issued by the trains to the places mentioned, available for return on any day within 16 days from and including date of issue.

TO PROVINCIAL TOWNS, &c.

On WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24, to Leicester, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Blackburn, Bolton, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, York, Scarborough, Newcastle, Barrow-in-Furness, the Lake District, &c., returning Dec. 27, 28 (where train service permits), 29, 1902, or Jan. 1, 1903.

On WEDNESDAY (midnight), DEC. 24, to LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, MANCHESTER, STOCKPORT, WARRINGTON, LIVERPOOL, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, &c., returning on Dec. 26, 27, 28, 29, 1902, or Jan. 1, 1903.

On FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 26, from St. Pancras and City Stations, to LEICESTER, LOUGHBOROUGH, and NOTTINGHAM for 1, 2, or 3 days, to BEDFORD, WELLSBOROUGH, KETTERING, and MARKET HARBOROUGH, for 1 or 2 days, and to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, and LUTON, for 1 day.

TO IRELAND.

There will also be Cheap Excursions to DUBLIN, Ballina, Galway, Sligo, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, via Morecambe, on Dec. 22, and via Liverpool on Dec. 23; to BELFAST, Londonderry, Portrush, &c., via Barrow or via Liverpool, on Dec. 23; and to Londonderry, via Liverpool, on Dec. 22, or via Morecambe, on Dec. 23. See Bills for times of return.

WEEK-ENDS IN THE COUNTRY.

CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS to BEDFORD, COLNEY, WELLINGBOROUGH, and KETTERING, available for Half, Two, or Three Days, are issued EVERY SATURDAY until further notice from ST. PANCRAS, Moorgate Street, Aldersgate Street, Farringdon Street, King's Cross (Metropolitan), Camden Road, and Kentish Town, as per Bills.

+ Half-day bookings to Olney from St. Pancras only.

TO SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA.

Cheap Day Excursion Tickets on Sundays and Christmas Day, and Cheap Week-end Tickets on Fridays and Saturdays, will be issued to Southeast-on-Sea, as announced by Special Bills. These Tickets are available at Leigh and Westcliff-on-Sea.

CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS.

Cheap Week-end Tickets will be issued on Fridays, Dec. 10 and 26, and Saturdays, Dec. 20 and 27, from LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) and other MIDLAND STATIONS to the Principal Holiday and Health Resorts.

WINTER TOURIST TICKETS

are also issued to numerous places in England and Wales.
TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, AND BILLS may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS and CITY BOOKING OFFICES; and from Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

EXCURSIONS FROM THE PROVINCES.

EXCURSION TRAINS will be run from Leicester, NOTTINGHAM, BIRMINGHAM, Derby, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Sheffield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, and other Principal Towns to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, and ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND for the Christmas and New Year Holidays. NUMEROUS OTHER CHEAP EXCURSIONS have been arranged from the chief Midland Stations, particulars of which may be had on application.
JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THIS is undoubtedly the Sovereign's favourite period of the year, for he is able now to indulge his keen love of sport. During his recent visit to Gopsall, His Majesty spent much of his time in Lord Howe's famous coverts, and the King, as usual, carried off the honours of the day on more than one occasion. Quite a chapter might be written on the costume worn by beaters at smart country houses. Those of Gopsall are invariably attired in suits of brown

holland with scarlet facings; the King's beaters at Sandringham wear Royal blue and very practical gaiters; one great nobleman has a fancy for attiring his beaters in Lincoln-green, which is very picturesque and charming. Their Majesties, who are expected to spend Christmas at Sandringham in good, old-fashioned style, will entertain during the next few weeks a large number of shooting-parties.

A Royal Engagement.

The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar will soon no longer be able to call himself the richest Royal bachelor in Europe, for his engagement to Princess Caroline of Reuss has been definitely announced. Probably no youthful Royalty has seen his matrimonial affairs more persistently canvassed. This is partly owing to the fact that he is next heir to the throne of Holland. The future bride is a connection of our Royal Family through the King's great-niece, Princess XXX. of Reuss.

Lady Dickson-Poynder.

Lady Dickson-Poynder is one of the prettiest and smartest members of that section of Society which, for want of a better phrase, is generally known as "the smart set." She is a grand-daughter of that great soldier, Lord Napier of Magdala. Sir John and Lady Dickson-Poynder are the happy owners of a delightful house in Chesterfield Gardens and of three country places, of which the finest is Hartham Hall, in Wiltshire. They are both much liked at Court, and Sir John did well in the South African War.

An Interesting Announcement.

Great interest is felt in Society at the announcement of the engagement of Lord Rosebery's eldest daughter, Lady Sybil Primrose, to Mr. Charles Grant, one of the most popular younger officers of the Coldstream Guards. Lady Sybil is among the cleverest and most intelligent girls belonging to the great world. The bride-elect is the eldest of Lord Rosebery's four children. The marriage, which will probably take place, as did that of the bride's younger sister, Lady Margaret Primrose, to Lord Crewe, in Westminster Abbey, is certain to be the most brilliant matrimonial function of the coming spring.

Lord Rosebery's Bishop.

The only prelate appointed by Lord Rosebery, Dr. Percival, Bishop of Hereford, has fought the Education Bill in the House of Lords harder than any lay Peer. While he delivered his elaborate attack upon it, his right reverend brethren looked as if they wished they lived in the days of the stake. To be accused of "grab" by one of themselves was almost more than these good men could endure. Dr. Percival has a most interesting face and figure. Tall, with clear-cut, benign features, and a crown of

white hair, he speaks in a soft, gentle voice, but his words in the education controversies have been hard enough. Bishops generally referred to the Radical member of their bench as the right reverend "prelate"; they described others as right reverend "brother."

A Veteran in the Lords.

Lord Goschen has been one of the most vigorous debaters in the Upper House on the Education Bill. New life has come to him since his retirement from office. He speaks from the crimson benches with the same incisiveness that he showed on the green benches, and his presence in the House of Lords adds to the interest and attractiveness of that place. Lord Rosebery has found that debating skill did not disappear from the Conservative side with Lord Salisbury. He meets a foeman quite worthy of his steel in Lord Goschen, who, although not an orator, has a keen and dexterous tongue in argument. A controversy between them makes good fighting. They fight with spirit, and each cuts deep.

A Ducal Leader.

The Duke of Devonshire, as Leader of the House of Lords, piloted the Education Bill with skill and courtesy. His shrewd sense is valuable in such a case, and, although his manner is slow and sombre, his solid speeches are even more effective in the House of Lords than they were in the other place. As



LADY DICKSON-POYNDER.

Photograph by Casswell Smith, Oxford Street, W.

the presiding Peer on the Woolsack or at the Table has no power to maintain order, the duties of the Leader of the Lords are sometimes delicate, but under the Duke of Devonshire's guidance the Peers discussed the great Bill in a methodical, business-like manner.

The late Colonel McCalmont.

The death of Colonel McCalmont, coming as it did within a week of what was to have been the Sovereign's visit to Cheveley, has struck Clubland as being peculiarly tragic, the more so that Harry McCalmont, as he was universally called, was one of those fortunate millionaires of whom all the world spoke well. The popularity he enjoyed was shared by his pretty wife, one of the most successful of London and country hostesses. Mrs. McCalmont is one of the beautiful daughters of Sir Henry de Bathe. She has a pretty daughter by a first marriage, and, last spring, mother and daughter, looking like twin-sisters, were present at many of the boy-and-girl dances which were a feature of the Coronation Season.



THE LATE COLONEL MCCALMONT.

As a Sportsman.

The sad news was received with sincere regret in sporting circles (writes Captain Coe). Deceased was one of the finest all-round sportsmen in England. He had been for fifteen years a prominent patron of the Turf. The best horse he owned was Isinglass, who, besides winning the triple event, achieved a record by winning more in stakes than any other animal in training. Mr. McCalmont did not bet heavily, but he was very fond of speculating in stocks and shares. He was a good shot, a fine horseman, and a first-rate whip. He was fond of yachting, cricket, and football. Indeed, he started the Army Football Cup, and some years

back he used to write me every Friday during the winter months, giving me the Army fixtures for publication in the papers. Deceased had a useful mentor in his racing matters in the late Captain Machell, while the late James Jewitt was a capable trainer. The same can be said, by-the-bye, of Captain Beatty, who is the present occupant of Bedford Cottage. Mr. McCalmont took the liveliest interest in the town of Newmarket, yet, strange to relate, the townspeople, or some of them at any rate, were terribly upset at the building of the new station and the opening up of new streets whereby racegoers could reach the Heath without passing through the High Street of the old town. Mr. McCalmont was a man of very fine presence. Like the late Captain Machell, he affected a beard in the later years of his life, which altered and, if anything, improved his appearance. Readers will remember he wrote me a letter from the War about the Newmarket Steeplechase Meetings that are held on the Cheveley estate. I do hope the fixtures will not be allowed to fall through, as the course is a good one and the Headquarters of the Turf ought to be able to support a steeplechase meeting. The Clerks of the Course, Messrs. Pratt and Co., are real live men, and I trust they will continue to give the meeting a chance. Of the late Mr. McCalmont's horses in training, St. Maclou, Glass Jug, and Rising Glass are likely to fetch big prices when brought under the hammer.

A Popular "M.F.H."

The Duke of Sutherland, one of the most retiring wearers of the strawberry-leaves, for, unlike some of the more prominent members of his order, he rarely looms large in the public eye, is among the most popular "M.F.H.'s" in the kingdom. For twenty-eight years he has been Master of the North Staffordshire Hunt, and when it was recently announced that his Grace intended to retire from the Mastership, a widely signed petition was presented to him, begging him to

reconsider his decision, and this he has apparently consented to do. Stafford House has seen of late years many wedding-receptions, for the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland take very seriously their position as Scottish chieftain and chieftainess. Yet another North Country bride whose wedding will take place from Stafford House is Lady Muriel Erskine, whose marriage is to be one of the great January functions.

"Jack Frost."

The very cold weather that has visited the British Isles, probably to justify the Christmas Supplements of the illustrated Press, is good to more folk than the people who sell skates and the people who use them. It makes the hunting-man fume and use language, and, in common with every other sort of weather known to the human race, it makes the farmers complain; but the rank-and-file of shooting-men rejoice greatly. If you have big preserves, it does not much matter whether the weather is mild or severe, but if you have a few hundred or thousand acres of unpreserved rough shooting near the coast, particularly the East Coast, it is quite a different matter. The very cold weather brings woodcock oversea to your plantations, and wild duck into the ditches, marshes, and all secluded ponds, which should be kept free from ice. A little attention to the ground at such a season, coupled with care, in the case of the woodcocks, to let them rest and feed well after their long journey before you try to bag any, may bring results that atone for the worst that "Jack Frost" can do. A fat, well-cooked woodcock just now makes the fattest pheasant a poor thing.

Spanish Affairs.

As I ventured to predict a week or two ago, the newly constructed Sagasta Cabinet proved a very short-lived affair, and the aged Liberal statesman will not be readily tempted to resume the cares of office, though he is too much a patriot to let his country suffer through his own reluctance to direct its affairs. Señor Silvela is not a very distinguished politician; but, then, distinction is not the feature of the new Conservative Ministry. Certainly Señor Silvela has one very plucky deed to his credit. When he was last in office, he went down to the dockyards and ordered a number of useless old vessels that were a heavy tax to the State to be sold or broken up. The new Minister for Foreign Affairs, Señor Abarzuza, was Ambassador to Paris some years ago and an intimate friend of Castelar. General Linares, who succeeds the redoubtable Valeriano Weyler, Marquis of Tenerife, fought with some distinction in the Cuban War.

"Who's Who" for 1903.

Messrs. A. and C. Black have just published "Who's Who" for 1903, and that invaluable Biographical Dictionary has thus attained its fifty-fifth birthday. How the journalist managed to get along without it in the early half of last century is a puzzle not easily solved, though, of course, the personal note was not such a prominent feature in those days as it is now. "Who's Who" keeps growing in size, the present edition containing more than fifteen hundred pages. It is not only a marvel of accuracy and conciseness, but also of cheapness. Messrs. Black have also published their fifth volume of the new issue of "The Englishwoman's Year-Book," a work of great use to all ladies interested in art, science, music, medicine, philanthropy, and, indeed, in anything appertaining to the progress of their sex.



THE LATE COLONEL MCCALMONT'S ISINGLASS.

Won in 1893 the 2000 Guineas, the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Newmarket Stakes; was only beaten once in the whole of his racing career, and holds the record of £57,455 for Stakes won, being the largest total ever won by any horse.



MRS. McCALMONT, WIDOW OF THE LATE COLONEL McCALMONT.

Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

The "G.O.M." of Germany.

The two Grand Old Men of Germany just now are Professors Theodor Mommsen and Adolf Menzel, whose united ages reach the imposing total of a hundred and seventy-three years (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). Mommsen, the immortal historian of Rome, has been made, in his eighty-sixth year, a recipient of the Nobel Prize; he appears to be in full mental vigour and to enjoy the best of health. Only a few weeks since, I saw him, a truly venerable figure, at the banquet given by the notables of learning, commerce, and politics to the ex-American Ambassador, Mr. H. D. White, who is himself a septuagenarian. When Mr. White began to speak, Mommsen, unable to hear distinctly, rose and approached the Ambassador, at whose shoulder he stood for a full hour, listening with the keenest interest, as though afraid to lose a word. It was a scene I shall never forget—the somewhat dry-as-dust countenance of the American, set off by the “illuminated parchment” face, as someone in my vicinity described it, of Germany’s greatest man of learning. Since then a grave political crisis has been precipitated in Germany, and the “parchment face” of Mommsen has been seen on public platforms moved to fiery indignation by the unrighteous attempts of the agrarian reactionaries to smother the rights of Parliament.

“His Little Excellency.”

Menzel, “His little Excellency,” as he is popularly styled, is a very different figure from Mommsen. Eighty-seven years old last week, he still shuns the society of his admirers. He may be seen—his tiny body bent by the weight of his huge head—dining alone almost every evening at a well-known restaurant in the Potsdamer Strasse. After dinner he invariably sinks into slumber. The Emperor has accorded Menzel supreme honours. When the illustrious painter was eighty years old, His Majesty arranged in his honour at Potsdam a living reproduction of the historical canvas depicting “A Concert by Frederick the Great.” “His little Excellency” is a member of the Order of the Black Eagle. Not many months ago, a probably apocryphal conversation was recorded between him and the late Professor Virchow. “I have not been created an Excellency, as you have, Menzel,” Virchow is said to have observed. “No,” rejoined Menzel; “but, you see, I have devoted my art to the glorification of the Hohenzollerns. If you had dedicated your science to analysing the bones of Frederick the Great’s Grenadiers, you might also have revelled in titles.” Menzel is nothing if not cynical. The other day, a young lady approached him as he sat in his restaurant and begged permission to send him an illustrated post-card. “As many as you like,” was the gracious reply; “my waste-paper basket is a very large one.”

A Distinguished Couple.

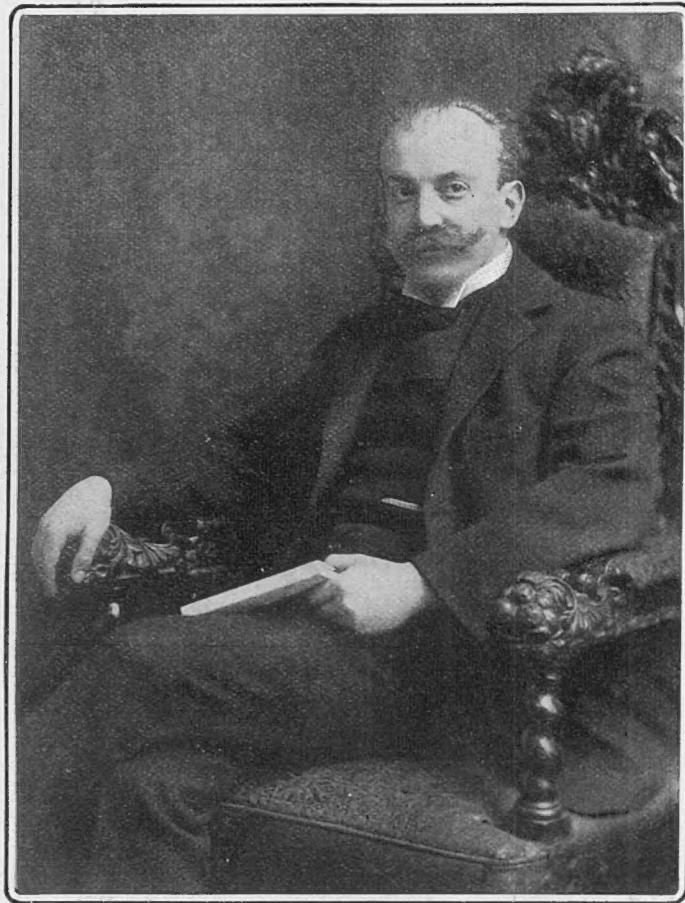
Count and Countess Tolstoi are, in a peculiar sense, a distinguished couple, for the clever and energetic Countess has played an immense part in her famous husband’s literary life. She copies out his manuscripts, interviews his publishers, and, though it is an open secret that she does not share his views concerning religion and Christian Socialism, she wrote, on the occasion of his Excommunication by the head of the Greek Church, a very noble and admirably worded letter, protesting with all her might against the insult put upon him. The curious and interesting photograph I am able to present to my readers was taken at Livadia, where Tolstoi has been slowly recovering from his recent illness. It is strange that the author of “Resurrection” and the Czar should both be so fond of the same place, but the Russian Riviera, as Livadia has been called, is singularly beautiful.



COUNT TOLSTOI AND HIS WIFE AT LIVADIA, IN THE CRIMEA.

The late Mr. Gillman.

The death of Mr. Henry Gillman, who was connected with the Crystal Palace for the last quarter of a century, and was General Manager there for the last seven years of his life, is a serious loss in many quarters. Not only will the Crystal Palace authorities have great difficulty in filling his place, but a very large circle of friends in and



MR. J. T. GREIN, THE WELL-KNOWN DRAMATIC CRITIC.

(SEE “MOTLEY NOTES.”)

Photograph by Marceau, New York.

out of the world of music and entertainment will feel that they have lost a sincere and honest friend. Just about five weeks ago, I went down to see him and found him rather more than usually tired. “It is nothing at all,” he assured me; “only a cold, and I find I can’t shake colds off as easily as I used to do.” Small wonder; he looked after all the many interests of the great establishment at Sydenham, thought very little of working long after midnight, and never took a holiday. He was devoted passionately to the house he served, and was a keen lover and good judge of music; but he would not realise that there are limits to the endurance of every man, and he has paid the heaviest penalty. I do not know any man with anything approaching Henry Gillman’s large circle of acquaintances who was better esteemed. I never heard man or woman speak an unkind word about him.

The Strike at Marseilles.

I wonder how we should manage if we had to meet at Liverpool or Southampton such a strike as has been in progress at Marseilles. Wealthy folk who were bound for Algeria or Tunisia have not been too seriously inconvenienced; they have turned aside to one of the towns on the Littoral to wait with such patience as belongs to them for the strike to end and the services to be resumed. With the poorer classes the difficulties have been far greater. Marseilles is not often a cheap city and is never a healthy one; it enjoys a fairly permanent visit from all the fevers and complaints associated with insanitary conditions, and, though the climatic troubles have not been so severe as in more northern Europe, there have been snow-falls in the city whose chief attractions are *bouillabaisse* and the facilities for going elsewhere. The postal services have suffered, too, and many perishable articles have complained in their own emphatic fashion. And all this time there are several fine ships-of-war lying at anchor round Villefranche—in fact, all the active French Mediterranean Squadron under Vice-Admiral Pottier’s command. Why don’t they help the ratepayers, who, after all, paid to have them built?

*The Emperor
Francis Joseph.*

In spite of the pessimistic rumours which have been circulated for some time past about the health of the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor is as well as his advanced age and the bitter weather prevailing in Vienna will allow. Since the severe cold set in, the Emperor has not left his rooms in the Castle of Schönbrunn, but he works as hard as ever and transacts all the State business with his usual punctuality. At present, the Emperor's intention is to spend the Christmas holidays with his daughter, the Archduchess Valerie.

*The Grand Duke
Paul.*

The Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovich, who, in consequence of the Czar's disapproval of his second marriage, has been deprived of his Imperial position and of his rank in the Russian Army, has also had his Honorary Colonelcy in the Prussian Army taken from him. He held the command of the Emperor Nicholas the First's Cuirassiers, and the regiment has just been informed by the Kaiser that its new chief will be the Czar himself. The Czar has already sent a telegram

other kinds of crackers; delicious confections in the form of Constantinople Candies, New York Mixture, Parisian Fondants, Caramels, and other wholesome and dainty sweets; decorations for Christmas Trees, Santa Claus Surprise Stockings, and so on, that the coming season should be a record one for those fortunate little ones whose parents or friends make a judicious and generous selection from his wares.

*Modern Italian
Art.*

I have just been privileged to see the two panels painted by Signor Roberto Bompiani, at the command of Queen Margherita, for the private Royal Chapel (writes a correspondent at Rome). Each panel represents a beautiful angel, one the Angel Gabriel, and the other the Angel Raphael. The panels are exquisitely painted, and will be placed in the Royal Chapel within the next week. To complete the whole tableau several little cherubs have also been added. These will be placed in position at the base, somewhat in front of the whole window. Another picture painted by Commendatore Bompiani attracts universal



MISS ALICE CRAWFORD IN "THE CHRISTIAN KING," THE NEW PLAY BY MR. WILSON BARRETT.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

to the regiment, in which he congratulates himself on being appointed to the command of a regiment which has so long been connected with the Russian Imperial Family.

A Great Contractor.

Sir John Aird, whose most marvellous achievement, the Nile Barrage at Assouan, has just been opened by the Duke of Connaught, is an example of the eminent man who is the architect of his own fortunes. When quite a young man, he started in business with his father as a contractor, and has built many docks and waterworks and railways. Those who believe that luck, as well as talent and energy, has something to do with success point to the fact that for three years running Sir John Aird won the first prize in the Derby Sweepstakes at his Club—a piece of good fortune dependent entirely upon luck.

"Tom Smith."

What would Christmas be without our genial friend "Tom Smith"? To the children the very idea must be appalling. Fortunately, however, for their happiness and peace of mind, "Tom Smith's Christmas Novelties"—a veritable fine-art publication—in its sixty pages contains such a list of "Frolicsome," "Golliwogg," "Mixed Pickles," and innumerable

attention as visitors enter the studio, the portrait of Mgr. Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal. The Archbishop was received in private audience by the Pope only a few days ago. The picture is most imposing. The Archbishop, a man of about forty-six years, stands robed in purple, with a large cross pendent from his neck, and clever, piercing eyes looking through and through the spectator from behind a pair of plain steel-rimmed spectacles.

Two pictures on view in the same studio are interesting as representing the life of the peasants at Pompeii. One portrays a group of idlers, of whom one is in the act of writing in large, sprawling hand a Latin announcement of a coming gladiatorial fight. Another represents the "Tabellarius," or postman. The postman in this case bears as a post-bag a long leather-sheath much resembling an archer's quiver; into this was placed the rolls of papyrus in ancient days. I must not forget to mention a lovely picture called "The Guardian Angel." A sweet little child of about six months is lying asleep on a rug, quite unconscious of anyone's presence, whilst leaning forward over it is a sweet-visaged Guardian Angel. The picture is most attractive. Signor Bompiani is a charming Italian gentleman, well advanced in years, and as kindly and genial as he is courtly.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Weather and Theatre.

The weather in Paris is bitter, very bitter (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). For ten long days it has never passed for one single instant above zero. The skim of the skate on the public waters has never appealed to me peculiarly, as I have always noticed that I am in danger when my stride seems the most impressive. Neither do I care particularly for the lakes in the Bois de Boulogne, where the public do certainly play at liberty, fraternity, and equality, and knock the wide world over with an easy grace. The fortunate Clubs like the Racing, who have a concession of water, are much too dear with twenty francs the right of a single spin. The theatres are benefitting by the cold where the plays are good, and crumbling where there is a rift. "Le Cadre," at the Athénée, looked like a big success, but it is warned off, and the phenomenal success of "Dr. Derval" seems in the balance; the splendid acting, to say nothing of dresses, of Mme. Granier will not save "Joujou" at the Gymnase, and a new play is now being read.

There is distinct gaiety, boisterous gaiety, at the Nouveautés in Feydeau's "La Duchesse des Folies-Bergères." La Mome Crevette, who was all that was Parisinially human in "La Dame de chez Maxim"—Feydeau's famous comedy—comes back married to a Diplomatist. She is perfectly happy, but nothing in her conduct suggests that she entirely grasps the responsibility of married life. For instance, her husband being sent to Paris to notify an erring youngster that he is heir to a throne, suggests to her that this will be an excellent opportunity to see if Paris is as it was in the old days. The Folies she selects to show off a beautiful toilette, and Maxim's as a quiet place to sup at. The fun—which, I must say, is largely mechanical—is unbounded, and Feydeau, when I saw him on the first night, seemed less inclined than usual to abuse the audience for ignoring the best situations and loudly cheering the details that he had never regarded as but make-weight. Cassive was superb in the Maxim Café scene. Apart from the farce, the scenery and the perfectly accurate reproduction of Paris lighter night-life is well worthy of seeing from the comfortable security of a stall.

Elopement Up-to-date.

It seems very crude and very commonplace, the old-fashioned way of stealing your heart's desire from her parents. A four-horse coach, a dishonest and bribed servant, and it was simple. But the flight of Mlle. Cordelia le Play, one of the prettiest girls in Paris, and Dr. Maurice Marcile, is absolutely *nouveau jeu*. When their decision was taken, they selected as their philosopher and friend, Mme. Bob Walter, who, tired of Serpentine dancing and lion-taming, had abandoned the music-halls and established herself in the motor-car business in the Avenue de la Grande Armée. Mme. Bob Walter saw the situation in a second and grasped its importance. She had a car that she had run herself up to ninety kilomètres an hour at Deauville, and two chauffeurs were told off to be

ready by night or day. Cyclists were supplied to supplant indiscreet telephones and telegrams, and, when the psychological moment did arrive, the pair of young doves were off at lightning speed out of the gates of Paris and well on towards the coast, with England in view. It seems that it will all end very happily, and that the families, who are very wealthy on both sides, will welcome back, forgive, and forget.

The Automobile Show.

It will require many visits before I can touch upon the Automobile Show at the Grand Palais. I have this much to say, that I have never seen a show more artistically arranged and worse supported by the authorities. I was there at the Presidential inauguration, when the Palace was packed to suffocation. Not one single attempt had been made at modernising the warming arrangements. The old-fashioned braseros, which are nauseating on Auteuil racecourse, and which in an enclosed space simply lead to an unhealthy steam, were used. It is pitiable to see Paris, so proud of her new industry, treat it in this cheap manner.

It is pleasant to note that the death of Mr. Harry McCalmont was referred to by the Parisian Press in terms of the deepest sympathy. He was well known in French racing circles, although his colours were not familiar. What peculiarly impressed the French was that in a country where there is no obligatory military service a millionaire could rough the Transvaal War and never give one glance at luxury and ease.

The cab-horse, whose sun-bonnet—so largely due to Mrs. Anna Conover—must have been appreciated in the scalding days, must smile at its master in

the Siberian winter. Half the cabbies have a fur cap, which is about the ugliest thing ever seen, but it gets there. At night, the face disappears and only the mouth and eyes are visible; and in the afternoon you take just half the face of a cocher, and the rest does the business.

An Unknown Elephant.

M. Skouphos, the Professor of Palæontology at Athens, has discovered at Gortynia, in the centre of the Peloponnesus, the remains of a large number of antediluvian monsters. His most recent discovery is the skeleton of a hitherto unknown elephant. The head is four feet long, and the tusks four feet in length. M. Skouphos holds that at the time when these antediluvian monsters were living on the earth, Greece was united to Asia and Africa by a vast wooded plain studded with high mountains and traversed by wide rivers and covered with vast lakes and swamps. Then some terrible catastrophe took place, and the plain was swallowed up by the sea, leaving only the highest ground, such as the Peloponnesus, Crete, Cyprus, and the other islands, above the surface of the waves.



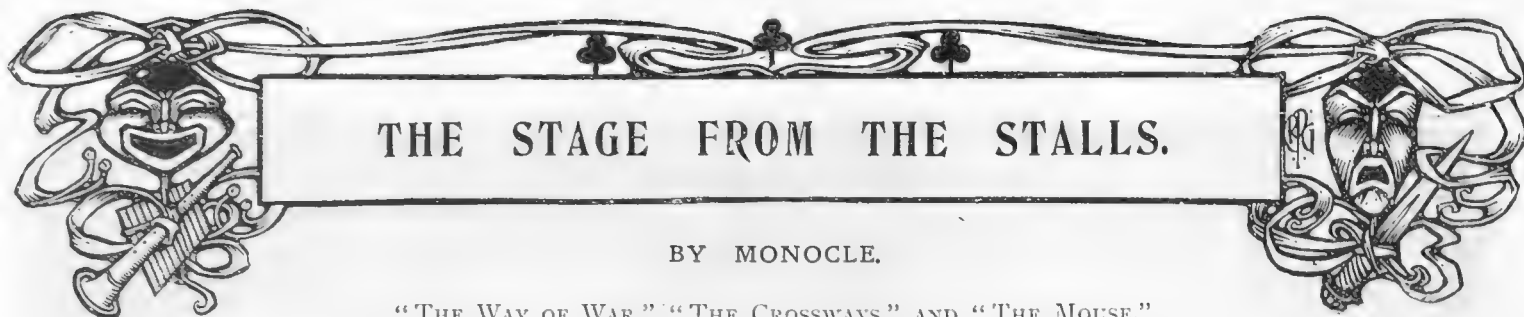
MISS JESSIE BATEMAN.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.



MR. WILSON BARRETT AND MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY IN "THE CHRISTIAN KING,"
TO BE PRODUCED AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE TO-MORROW EVENING.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"THE WAY OF WAR," "THE CROSSWAYS," AND "THE MOUSE."

"THE WAY OF WAR," the new *lever-de-rideau* by Mr. Francis Prevost, which now introduces "The Marriage of Kitty," draws attention to the fact that very few pieces, concerning war, given of late years, have had much success. There have been striking exceptions, such as "Secret Service," "Held by the Enemy," and the play in which Mrs. Leslie Carter was swung by a bell, to say nothing of "Arms and the Man." As a rule, however, the dramatist fails to give you the feeling that war is really raging. In Mr. Prevost's play, the hero, khaki-clad, crawls through the window, and the house is in darkness, and he hides behind pieces of furniture, and plays with his revolver; and later on people off the stage talk dreadful things. Yet, somehow, even the fact that his khaki dress looks brand-new does not convince one of the fact that a state of real war exists, and the duologue, instead of gaining from the alleged atmosphere of bloodshed, loses because the people seem so petty and irrelevant. I am not altogether sorry. The Boer War is not ancient history yet, though history travels very fast nowadays, and I could wish there were something like a statute of limitation period ere such a subject could be handled. For a piece on a topic of the kind always runs the risk of suddenly opening a deep wound in the heart of some spectator, and the author of such a piece can hardly be fair and fairly judged. After Mr. Raleigh's play, "The Best of Friends," I heard respectable ratepayers say that the author ought to be hanged as a pro-Boer. Certainly he made an able effort to be impartial, but could not seem impartial except to those who are impartial. In speaking of successful war pieces, I ought to have mentioned the Drury Lane play, which certainly had one strong warful Act. Apart from these considerations, there is little to be said of Mr. Prevost's piece, which is not impressive from a purely theatrical point of view, nor noteworthy for any subtlety of characterisation. Indeed, you might change time, place, and nationality without making the work either more or less true. Miss Lillian Wheeler acted ably as the Boer maiden, and managed her dialect very cleverly so far as consistently sticking to it is concerned, but I doubt whether it resembled Taal-English, and I am sure that it would be much better if it were assumed that the girl has a complete command of our tongue. With rare exceptions, dialect parts, unless the dialect be Scotch, Irish, or American, so far involve a difficulty to the performer as to be injurious to the play. Of course, in speaking of Scotch, Irish, and American dialects, I am not suggesting that cultured people of these lands have any dialect, and, indeed, ought to have used the term "accent," and, even then, would have aroused scornful wrath.

The way of the aristocracy, at the Imperial Theatre, when "The Crossways" was acted, was more remarkable on Monday night than "The Way of War" at Wyndham's. I went to Mrs. Langtry's handsome theatre expecting to see a sweltering mass of Princes, Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, and Knights, with their appropriate mates, since it was an advertised secret that the King, his Household, and Court were going to see "The Crossways." Moreover, my daily paper had told me that the contest over the Education Bill in the House of Lords had crowded London with Peers—some of them, perhaps, come in search of Education—and yet, alas, the first-night audience was by no means a "staggerer." The King and Queen and the Prince of Wales were there, and some people of title; but there were no belted Earls—except, indeed, the King and Prince of Wales, who, I believe, are Earls and all sorts of things; and there were no gartered Dukes, except as aforesaid; and I hardly know what is the relative equivalent of "belted" in the case of Viscounts and Marquises. It was very disappointing, because, although the critics were sent to the show, they were forbidden to criticise and went in the capacity—or shall I say, incapacity?—of social reporters. Nor were there jewels galore, except in the two boxes. I do not attempt to explain the phenomenon, but deplore it, since I have been robbed of a legitimate opportunity of exhibiting my skill in describing "fashionable functions."

"The Crossways," by Mrs. Langtry and Mr. J. H. Manners, is a sensational play in four Acts which we are to be permitted to criticise on its return to London, if the Americans ever permit it to leave their hospitable shores; and the performance was given by the Company now, I understand, revelling in the joys of Transatlantic gales. I am not allowed to appraise the performance, but cannot help saying it was as good as could be expected, and express my satisfaction that this time we are not sending out a "star" Company, but that the quality of the cast seems pretty even throughout. And, oh! it makes me understand why Mr. Cosmo Hamilton called the critics senile when I think that Miss Dora Barton, who last week appeared as a beautiful young woman and clever actress, was an infant prodigy with astounding ability when I was already in the sere and yellow leaf. However, it was a very glorious affair, and many thousands of people were grieved at not being present.

"The Mouse," the translation by Mr. J. T. Grein and Mr. Henry Hooton of Pailleron's comedy, "La Souris," which was given the other day at the Comedy Theatre, should surprise those who believe that actor-managers run theatres in order to gratify their vanity. For "La Souris" is a four-Act play with only one male part, that of an irresistible lady-killer, worshipped by four beautiful creatures: there is not so much as a footman to draw the attention of the ladies from the fascinating Max de Simiers. Yet since, in fact, most actor-managers are really manager-actors, I doubt whether there will be fierce competition for "The Mouse," because the difficulty of casting it is very serious, and the sentiment of the piece is a little out-of-date, and somewhat too purely French—not, indeed, the French of the "too French French bean," however. In Paris the four ladies were represented by Mmes. Bartet, Reichenberg, Samary, and Broisat, and even supposing we have the English equivalent of each—a disputable matter—to get them together would be almost impossible. In 1887, when the piece was represented at the Comédie-Française, that remarkable institution had almost a monopoly. M. Worms took the Max part, one that does not easily fit an English player. The change of sentiment, or of the sentimental, is noteworthy. Max, after a career of prodigious success as a lady-killer in that Paris imagined by dramatists and novelists—where honest women of fashion are rare, conjugal fidelity is considered *bourgeois*, and every man is, or tries to be, *homme à bonnes fortunes*—considers himself out of the running at the age of thirty-six and retires to the country, convinced that he is too old for any further triumph. Marthe, the heroine—how ugly the name "Mart" as compared with Martha, as "Agat" (Agathe) with Agatha!—is the French version of "Sweet Seventeen," and, roughly speaking, "Sweet Seventeen" has become a minor character in drama, and, in fact, lost some of her importance in the world—save, indeed, where "Sweet Seventeen" poses successfully as sophisticated grown-up. The piece is founded on the love-affairs of these two, and certainly is quite fit to bear the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Tours. Max, till half-way through the piece, is in love with Clothilde—ugly name, Clotilde, though common in France—elder sister of Marthe, "the Mouse," so called because, like the pretty feet of the lady in Suckling's ballad, she steals in and out; and then from an album, which serves the place of the customary bundle of letters, he discovers that the girl loves him and falls in love with her immediately. This power of love to evoke love—or rather, this falling in love because of a belief that one is beloved—is, of course, conceivable, and Shakspeare has given an immortal instance of it with Beatrice and Benedick; but he did not present us with a Benedick already in love with someone else. Pailleron has had the courage to do this, and consequently his play is as incredible as the Eau-de-Cologne prospectus. When a comedy of character is incredible, all the wit in the world cannot save it, and "La Souris" is a comedy of character or nothing at all. The original has a great deal of wit; much of it, however, lies in scenes which the "translators" have cut—I may say, been compelled to cut. Very often the cutting of a foreign play causes indignation; because it is done to make room for stuff foisted on the piece by the adapter; but, in this case, mere considerations of space have prevailed. For it is certain that you cannot omit a good deal without serious disturbance of the balance of a work. However, even if some of the slang is ultra-modern, the work of translation has been well done.

The acting was somewhat better than I expected, for to find the name of an unknown actress against the part of Marthe, "the Mouse," was rather disturbing. Nevertheless, it happened that Miss Ellen O'Malley, the *ingénue*, was quite the bright spot of the affair. You cannot take the measure of a player on one performance, but I could see that the part was presented delightfully and that the new *ingénue* has intelligence as well as youth and beauty: when the gods are in a generous mood, they shower gifts with both hands, and Miss O'Malley seems to have been "standing around" when they were in such a mood. A *matinée chez Cartwright* was a little too much of a good thing, and all the skill of the popular actor was insufficient to convince me that he seemed such a fearful heart-wrecker as the terrible Max or had the *ancien régime* air claimed by the fatuous de Simiers. Worms do not grow on every bush, and certainly Mr. Cartwright is not a Worms—of course, I am referring to the famous French *jeune premier* who originally played the part. Miss Margaret Halstan acted charmingly. She always does, but she was not the Clothilde of the play. Miss Aida Jenoure, one of our ablest musico-dramatic artists, played cleverly as Pépa, but the part demands greater finesse and delicacy of technique than she could show. Miss Ethel Matthews acted with a fair amount of skill the part quaintly called—at the Comedy—"Herminia," which is Englishing "Herminie" with a vengeance.

A SONG OF KATE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

It is the time when icicles
 Make all the gables dropping-wells,
 When frost-flowers spring on every pane
 And all the world is white again.

*Kate in her kirtle fine with lace
 Keeps me the summer in her face,
 A land where pinks and roses grow
 And where the whitest lilies blow.*

All silver-white are rivers and meres,
 And all the reeds are silver spears;
 The pond is frozen to the edge,
 The swan stands dry-foot in the sedge.

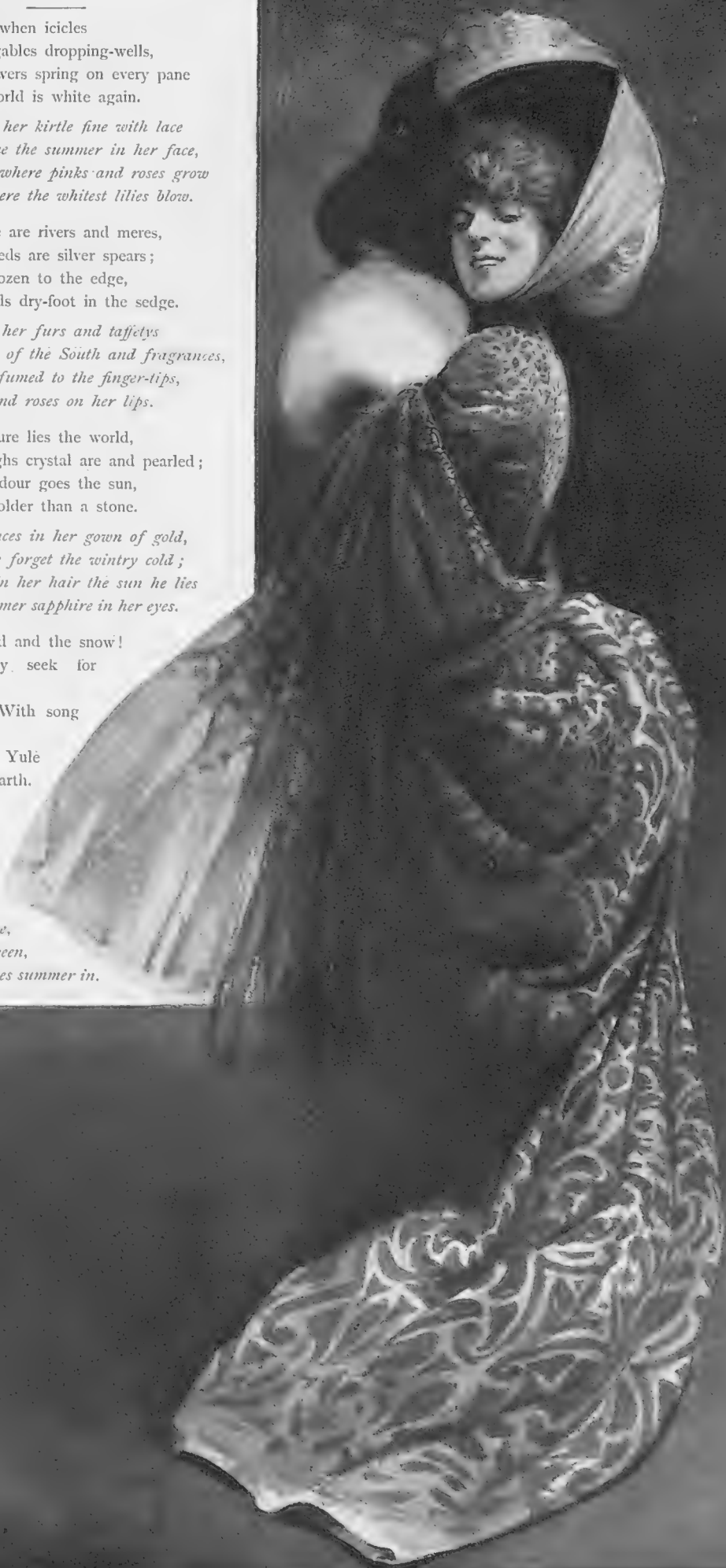
*Kate in her furs and taffetys
 Breathes of the South and fragrances,
 Soft perfumed to the finger-tips,
 Honey and roses on her lips.*

Dead as a picture lies the world,
 The black boughs crystal are and pearled;
 In scarlet splendour goes the sun,
 The Robin's colder than a stone.

*Kate dances in her gown of gold,
 And folk forget the wintry cold;
 Meshed in her hair the sun he lies
 And summer sapphire in her eyes.*

Oh ho, the wind and the snow!
 The lads they seek for
 mistletoe.
 Noel! Noel! With song
 and mirth,
 They bring the Yule
 log to the hearth.

*There's many a
 Sweetlips to
 be kissed,
 And many a man
 to sit at feast.
 The wind is fierce,
 the stars are keen,
 But Kate she dances summer in.*



Hassall

THE GOBBINS CLIFF PATH.

QUITE recently, in the still so little known country of Ireland, a path which is a perfect marvel of engineering, adapted in the simplest manner possible, has been carried out upon the face of the huge basaltic cliffs of the south-eastern coast of the County of Antrim, by the skill and energy of Mr. Berkely Wise, Chief Engineer of the Northern Counties Railway of Ireland.

How many of our readers would gladly take "the wings of the morning" and visit these "uttermost parts of the sea," if they only



THE ENTRANCE TO THE FIRST CAVE OF "SEVEN SISTERS"
AND THE END OF THE PRESENT PATHWAY.

realised how easily such a journey could be made between the hours of a late London dinner and an Irish breakfast. The northern parts of County Antrim, that play-ground of the giants of other ages, whose sea-girt walls rise in many places quite perpendicularly from the ocean, have been long well known, at all events to American travellers, and the extraordinary facilities of steamer, car, and railway management have thoroughly opened up the coast scenery for miles round the Giant's Causeway in every direction. Perhaps it is asserting too much to say "thoroughly opened up," for it would take the patient labour of a lifetime to explore even the Castle ruins and old graveyards which still baffle the careful investigation of experts. But within twenty miles of Belfast there lies a short line of coast, until quite recently inaccessible except by boat, so beautiful, so interesting, that it seemed as if all the spirits of the old races of the "distressful country" must have combined to heap difficulty upon difficulty to guard this enchanting region from the idle gaze of the tourist. Do the crimson stains which so freely cover many a portion of the cliff record the struggles of the early Kings of Dalraida, or is it the martyr blood of the victims of those Druidical days when Celtic feeling found its expression in sacrifice? The monoliths in every part of the world where that passionate race has lived bear testimony to this custom. What has the artist, the poet, the man of imagination, to do with "iron deposit," or "red clay," or any marketable production?

We must now turn to dry facts, depending for accuracy upon the short pamphlet which was ably drawn up by Mr. Fennell, Vice-President of the Belfast Naturalists' Field Club, for the benefit of the British Association, who held their meetings last summer at Belfast and visited this romantic line of coast scenery. But it is left to commercial

enterprise and to manufacture alone to monopolise "dry facts" by themselves. Nature has none such, and she spreads her dainty allurements even on the face of the most uncompromising rocks.

The writer of this article explored the Gobbins Cliff Path (*Gobbin-heugh*, from *Gob*, the mouth; *ben*, a promontory; and *heugh*, a craggy declivity) late in September, when the myriad summer flowers which convey the whispered secrets of the sea into the heart of the earth, or breathe them far on the cool land-breezes, were mostly withering on their delicate stems, busy, not with decay, but with reproduction; still, there were many lingering signs of vegetation. More effective than any other were the bold masses of *Pyrethrum*, the Sea Feverfew, which hung in rich clusters over the edges of the cliff, or clothed the rifts made in the Volcanic Era with their starry blossoms of dazzling white which the wanton spray of the waves alone can rival.

The varied beauty of this cliff-walk baffles all description. In many places the rocks rise to a height of two or three hundred feet, sometimes quite abruptly, sometimes with a shelving front which lends itself to the most fantastic forms. Every few steps a different view of cliff is disclosed as the sharp corners are turned which unfold a fresh aspect. Surely there is something in the pathetic influence of the Irish climate which acts upon the rocks and stones of the country differently from other climates. The tints are softer and deeper, more reserved, but more varied; the very air is laden with a poetry that is felt and which reacts on every part of Nature and creates a sympathetic link with all living things.

The pathway which winds round the Gobbins looks formidable enough at a little distance, but so well and so carefully has it been constructed that the most timid need have no fear. The steps, where steps are necessary, which is often the case, are roughly and broadly cut out of the rock itself; hand-rails are placed when the path lies at the edge of the sea, strong but wonderfully delicate bridges of iron stretch across the foaming water which separates rock from main-rock, galleries fringe the outer points, and the triumph of skill was achieved when the elliptically constructed bridge of steel was thrown over a chasm of nearly seventy feet wide.

This walk extends at present between two or three miles along the cliffs, and the remaining two miles will, it is hoped, be finished by the summer of 1903. The name of County Antrim is probably derived from *Sir an ulam*, the Land of Caves; and several of these, some of untracked extent, have been made accessible to the explorer by blasting and excavating the debris which choked their openings. Like the caves at Sark, they were used in troublous times as doorless chambers for smuggling purposes, and for refuge; in one of them prehistoric remains of miscellaneous bones, including the red deer, were found. Of course, for the student of geology or the naturalist this portion of the coast is full of interest: the different orders of limestones, chalk, and sands, which abound in sponges and fossils, belong to the shore formation, whilst the rocks themselves repeat in visible language the story of the Volcanic Age, so plainly illustrated in the basaltic plateau of the north-east coast of Antrim.

The interesting points of this walk are so numerous and so varied that one forgets to look beyond at the distant views. The Copeland Islands, the coast of County Down, the beautifully wooded shores of Belfast Lough, and the soft outline of the Mull of Cantyre are all to be seen, as well as many other places of more local interest.



A THRILLING POINT OF THE WALK.

Photographs by R. Welch.

THE GOBBINS CLIFF PATH.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PATHWAY.



ELLIPTICAL STEEL BRIDGE, SHOWING THE STRUCTURAL SCHEME.

Photographs by R. Welch.

MRS. LANGTRY,

THE HAPPY POSSESSOR OF IMPERIAL BEAUTY AND THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

IT is, indeed, one of the most extraordinary of Mrs. Langtry's characteristics that, where other women gain from the adventitious aids of "make-up" on the stage, she actually loses—she is even more beautiful close to than she is behind the footlights, for then one can better appreciate the delicacy of the pure Greek profile and the wonderful poise of her head, set on her shoulders like nothing in art so much as the Venus of Milo, the statue to which she has been more than once compared. It is late, however, to-day for anyone to attempt to pay a tribute to that beauty which the greatest painters have placed on canvas, the beauty of which poets in many countries have sung and men and women have raved. True, the men have been more numerous than the women, for Mrs. Langtry's is a beauty which appeals more to the masculine than the feminine mind, just as that of Miss Mary Anderson appealed more to women. Even those who have never been brought under the spell of the smile of her eyes have yielded her their tribute of praise, for her photographs have gone to the uttermost ends of the world, and probably the only way in which they could be computed would be by the ton.

In all the homage done to Mrs. Langtry's beauty, it is probable that none ever appealed to her as being more sincere or graceful than the silent admiration she received many years ago at University College. She was in the height of her popularity when she attended some lectures on Greek Art which were given at the institution in Gower Street. The lectures began at four, and shortly before that time the young men from the various Faculties of Arts, Fine Art, Science, and Medicine would go trooping to the entrance of the theatre in which the lecture was given, "waiting in patient expectation" for the coming of Mrs. Langtry, even as the crowds of Rome waited the coming of Pompey. True, they did not acclaim her arrival as those crowds did his, but when she happened to be late the men with one accord "cut" their own lectures and waited to feast their eyes on her, believing, no doubt, in the enthusiasm of youth, that beauty was worth all the knowledge of the world.

And when the lecture was over, there was always the same hurry and scurry to see her go out to her carriage, escorted by a small train of courtiers, among whom were several well-known artists.

On the eve of her departure for America, Mrs. Langtry made her appearance in a new guise, as part-author of the play, "The Crossways," on which she will rely as the attraction of her tour.

Her own reason for going on the stage she once humorously put in the words, "It was sheer necessity, to save myself from starvation." Seeing how apparently easy it is for a beautiful woman to hold her own on the other side of the footlights, it showed no little acumen on her part to endeavour to prepare herself thoroughly for a stage career by studying all the requirements and technique of the stage. This she did under the guidance of Mrs. Henry Labouchere, who had herself been a brilliant actress, and it has been said that she used to think nothing of working for eight hours a-day. Even when she was acting she used to have a teacher with her, whose instructions, coming from a woman, were decidedly curious, for he was not to praise, but to point out all her faults after each performance, in order that she might rectify them. Her enthusiasm wrung from a noted actor the statement that "she works like a nigger," a statement which is, perhaps, more true in the spirit than in the letter, for few niggers have ever worked as hard as did Mrs. Langtry.

In going back to America, Mrs. Langtry may almost be said to be going home, or, at all events, to an adopted home, for she was naturalised some fifteen years ago. Her popularity there is attested by the fact that at least two towns have been named after her, one in Texas and the other in California. After the latter was incorporated, Mrs. Langtry thought of presenting it with a drinking-fountain, as a

sort of recognition of the compliment which had been paid to her. It was, however, pointed out that her well-meant intention might be regarded as a reflection upon the people, for the one thing they did not drink in Langtryville was water. She therefore reconsidered her determination. It is possible that the people may have changed their habits since then.

Going to the United States, a thought which must enter her mind is whether there will be a fire in any of the theatres in which she plays. Several times when she has been acting the playhouse has caught fire. Indeed, on the eve of her first appearance in New York, the theatre at which she was to act was burnt to the ground. The occasion was too good to be lost by the wits, for one of them remarked that her manager "had done many things to advertise his 'stars,' but had never before tried such an expensive bonfire." On another occasion, a fire broke out between the fourth and fifth Acts of the play in which she was acting. Audience and actors alike had to escape as quickly as possible, the players in their stage-clothes. Mrs. Langtry was in evening-dress, with satin slippers and open-work silk stockings on her feet. Thus thinly shod, she had to walk through inches of snow to a public-house on the other side of the way, where she found hundreds of her audience had gathered. Her appearance was greeted with a sympathetic cheer as the people were assured of her safety, and one of them asked how

the play ended. "I have to die," said the Jersey Lily. "Then I call it a beastly shame to make a woman like you die," he exclaimed—only the adjective he used was not "beastly."

As "Mr. Jersey," Mrs. Langtry is well known to the great public to which the halfpenny evening papers so earnestly cater—the public which is interested in the "Sport of Kings." Of all the horses in her stables, there is no doubt that Merman is the one in which she has taken most interest, for with him in 1899 she won the Goodwood Cup, and the Ascot Cup the following year. She always had the greatest confidence, too, in that horse's speed, and shortly before the race for the Goodwood Cup was run she told a friend that she "meant

to have a little bit on him." She probably had. Did the friend? Alas, history is silent on the point.

"A racecourse," Mrs. Langtry once told an interviewer, she considered "a very serious place," and she also admitted to him that "it is a great pleasure when you win, but a terrible disappointment when you lose," though it is probable she was not thinking of the value of the stakes, but the verifying of a judgment based on observation.

The day has long gone by for saying that women are unbusiness-like. If it were not, Mrs. Langtry would be one of the women to disprove the statement, for all her business is done in the most regular manner possible, without the necessity for the making of a single note as a reminder, thanks to a wonderful memory. On her own judgment it has become a habit for her to rely entirely, and, no matter what happens, she never gets flustered.

In the illustrations on the opposite page it will be noticed that Mrs. Langtry's drawing-room differs from most others in having a marble floor. Her house, which was built after her own design, had an ordinary floor at first; but it suddenly struck her that she would like a marble one, so not only were the boards taken out, but the ceiling underneath was pulled down, in order that additional beams might be put in to support the extra weight of the marble.

The dresses she is taking to America are some of the most remarkable "creations" of the costumier's art, and were specially made for her by the firm of Paquin, of Paris, while her hats are from the house of M. Lewis, the great milliner, who is in such a happy position that he is practically able to pick, choose, and refuse his clients; but, as the illustration shows, he rejoices to wait on the woman whose last performance in London even the King delighted to honour.



MRS. LANGTRY IN HER DRAWING-ROOM.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XXV.—MRS. LANGTRY.



"ON REFERRING TO MY NOTES, I FIND THAT YOU ARE EXACTLY SEVEN MINUTES LATE."



"NEVER MIND. COME AND LOOK AT MERMAN, MY CELEBRATED RACER."



"AND THE COLOURS WORN BY HIS JOCKEY WHEN WE WON THE GOODWOOD CUP."



"ANOTHER INTERESTING CURIO—A BEAR SHOT BY MY BROTHER."



"MUSIC IS ONE OF THE GREATEST JOYS OF MY EXISTENCE."



"AND LONELY FIVE O'CLOCK DINNERS, THE PENALTY OF MY PROFESSION, ONE OF THE GREATEST HORRORS."



"DO YOU CARE TO COME DOWN TO THE THEATRE?"



"AH! HERE IS DEAR M. LEWIS WITH MY NEW HAT. ISN'T HE A TREASURE!"



"NOW I REALLY MUST GO TO AMERICA. AU REVOIR!"

DEAL is still the London sea-fisher's Mecca, despite the efforts of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway, for the non-punctuality of arrival at Deal is one of Life's few great certainties. Still, so zealous is your angler that the temptation of cod and whiting in abundance is strong enough to destroy the discomfort of a three-hour disjointed journey in a glorified cattle-truck.

And really the means deserve the end. Thanks to an enterprising municipality, Deal, of a summer, grows yearly more like its brethren of the Isle of Thanet; but when the first October chills have asserted themselves, it regains its old-time flavour and becomes the sea-village of the story-books. The promenade, bleak in an October wind, holds no lounge save the jack-booted boatman ever peering out to sea in hope of a job, like a London cabman in front of a Piccadilly Club; and if the pier boasts no longer a band, its head is always alive with anglers, young and old, male and female, intent on the capture of cod or whiting or any other fish into whose mouths luck may blow their bait. Enthusiasts these, if you will, each with his short, stiff rod that would do battle-royal with a whale, I dare swear; his gigantic reel, with line enough to plumb the depth for His Highness of Monaco's deepest of deep-sea excursions; his tin of somnolent, yellow-blooded "lugs" and shining slips of mackerel; his basket ready for the fish to come; his ablutionary towel (much required), his camp-stool, and his pipe. Scientific is your Deal pier-fisherman, but not regardless of the comforts. Experience has taught him the benumbing effect of hours of rod-holding, and the uses of a miniature bicycle-bell attached to his rod-tip, whose ringing warns him of the biting fish. Thus equipped, he can pace the pier-head for maintenance of circulation, discuss the prospects of sport with his friends, read his morning paper, and generally enjoy himself.

The patience of the Deal pier-angler is even greater than Job's. As for the patience of your summer Walton, it is not to be compared with it. He can sun himself lazily the while he alternately watches his float and reads his Hall Caine. But your Dealman has to wait in a biting wind in a continual draught, faced by nothing but an apparently boundless ocean, with no float to watch, and nothing but hope to buoy him up. How shall Mr. Carnegie say that we are dropping behind in the Race of the Nations so long as one pier-angler sits beside another on Deal Pier-head? Who, too, shall tell us that our womanhood declines when ladies of three-score-and-ten can sit from dawn to dusk in a biting blast in the hopes of half-a-pound of whiting?

DEAL IN WINTER.

BY RALPH MAUDE.

Your Deal boatman holds the pier-angler in much contempt, which is scarce surprising, seeing that of a winter no little of his keep comes from him who fishes from boats. But, mercenary motives apart, the Dealman knows that it is not from the pier-head that the "big-uns" are usually to be taken. Experience has taught him that the cod usually lie off Walmer Castle or well on the way to Ramsgate. At any rate, he is well aware that Deal fish affect no particular spot for two days out of three, and that he who wants them must find them. "Bother my parish!" he will ejaculate as he ups anchor for the twentieth time in search of the elusive cod, "where can they be?" But, unless they have gone on a Continental holiday, he usually discovers them before nightfall. An early start is what he will always recommend you, partly because that implies so many hours for you—and him—at so much an hour, partly because it is in the early morning mists that you will often have best sport. And it is sport, too, even if it be not of the most scientific. It is good to sit, even in cold November, half-a-mile from the land which the disappearing fogs turn into a thousand strange, fantastic shapes, and wait amid the scream of sirens and the boom of gongs for the bite which will surely come. It is good, too, to have the tip of your rod wrenched to the water's-edge and to struggle—even if the struggle be short—with a twelve-pound cod. Even if sport be slack, Bill the boatman will chew his quid and lie his fisherman's lies till the very air grows warm around you, and the sea-breeze will give you an appetite that will cast terror into the heart of your hotel-keeper with his nervously arranged *table-d'hôte* breakfast. But it is seldom that you will have to wait long between the bites, for, even if the cod be not there, the whiting will be, and, small fry though they be, it is good to haul them up, one after the other, as fast as Bill can bait and take them off the hook. Best of all, perhaps, is it to row back boat-laden to the beach, pick out half-a-dozen of your plumpest whiting, run with them to your home, and sit before them, fried golden-brown, with a fire on one side of you and a paper on the other.

You cannot, of course, always fish at Deal. Sometimes even the sea of the sheltered Downs breaks too angrily on the beach for the launch of your boat. But, even shore-tied, you need not be bored. The Deal boatman may not be what he was, but he is seldom dull, and, despite steam, he still earns his living by the sea. The lugger has gone, it is true, but the galley-punt still remains, and, cockle-shell though it looks, vies with the lifeboat on stormy days and nights.



DEAL FISHERMEN — DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.

A PICTURESQUE OLD WATER-WAY.

TOWARDS the close of the seventeenth century, the construction of canals as an additional means of transit for heavy goods became popular in England. Between, say, the years 1750 and 1800 there apparently occurred a rush for investing capital in canal and navigation schemes not dissimilar to that which happened three-quarters of a century later, when what was termed the "railway fever" took possession of our grandfathers. At the present time, the

hence the necessity for deepening and widening. In order to reduce the time occupied on the journey, the thirty locks now existing on the Basingstoke Canal will be reduced to seven, and, with the accelerated speed by means of electricity, Southampton will be placed within nine hours of London. The meaning of this is hardly grasped by the uninitiated without a little explanation. Supposing a steamer arrives at Southampton, she has, in some cases, first to disembark her passengers, and then occupy close upon twenty-four hours in coming round the coast and up the Thames to London, where she would unload her cargo on to the wharves and into barges of light tonnage.

Under the new plan now contemplated, the vessel, on arriving at Southampton, would immediately unload her merchandise into some three or four barges of considerable tonnage, which would, in turn, immediately be taken up to London in about nine hours—with the additional advantage of being able to unload at any required point *en route*, for in that sense it must be remembered that a barge is not unlike an omnibus, which one may board or alight from at any point. The advantage in saving of time and cost is too obvious to need any further explanation, and the only regret one might express would be that the Basingstoke Canal, with all its woods and lovely scenery, should suffer at the hands of the unsympathetic modern company-promoter.

Of this canal Henry Kingsley wrote in "Silcote of Silcotes"—

It was a wonderful sight—those who have had the luck to see Mitchet Pond on the Basingstoke Canal may guess how beautiful. Very few people know the great beauty of those desolate Hampshire lakes, lying on the Bagshot sands. They have a speciality of their own, from Frimley to Sowley, a distance of some seventy miles. All that a hopelessly poor soil, inferior forms of vegetation, and solitude can do for one, they do. At times they are romantic, as at Mitchet and at this lake of Purley; but all of them on the hottest summer's day suggest to one wild, sweeping winter winds and warm winter ingle-nooks. The sounds of agricultural life are seldom heard upon their desolate margin. The bitter startles some solitary cow in its flapping and noisy flight, and the snipe bleats in the place of the lamb.

What Henry Kingsley wrote in the latter half of the last century is more or less true to-day of this ancient water-way. The illustrations here produced are of the upper reaches of the canal, which anyone having a desire for a long and healthy walk can verify in all their natural beauty by simply training to North Aldershot or Winchfield and walking the canal-banks from either point to the other. Excepting, perhaps, the New Forest, nothing impresses one so much with the richness of Hampshire in purely natural beauties as a visit to the environs of the Basingstoke Canal. Nevertheless, one has reluctantly to recognise the necessity for the perpetual re-adaptation of even picturesque old water-ways to new needs, and that, in the eternal fitness of things, Use is for ever supplanting natural beauty by further artificial modification of the obsolete in the service of Man.



BASINGSTOKE CANAL FROM FRIMLEY WHARF BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARDS FRIMLEY LOCK, PRIOR TO THE WIDENING OF THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY, 1902.

Manchester Ship Canal has demonstrated the undoubted advantages of cheapness of inland water-carriage to British manufacturers, as well as to those on the Continent whom, for the sake of a doubtful economy, we are wont to patronise so largely.

The continued rise in the price of labour and the consequent increased cost of British manufactures have led to a very serious and practical investigation on the part of heads of firms how to reduce not only the first cost of the goods, but their subsequent "handling" at the works, and, last but not least, the charges for transport. Several large concerns in the steel and copper industries have recently, either personally or by deputy, visited the United States in order to ascertain the latest methods of the New World, with the result that Brother Jonathan has, for the time being, largely profited by orders for new machinery, whilst it is to be devoutly hoped that Great Britain may in the future profit by an increased production at a lower cost than that now prevailing.

There is, however, one very serious blot on our system of railway transport—its cost. As is well known, goods are brought to London from Rotterdam at a cheaper rate than from many manufacturing towns in the Midlands. Recently, the railway directors have increased the expense to the home producer by the creation of new charges of a vexatious character which have probably resulted in producing more irritation to their customers than profit to the shareholders. It is under these circumstances that we learn of a revival of schemes for the construction of canals between London and Southampton. The first scheme now contemplated is *via* the Thames as far as Shepperton, the River Wey to Guildford, and thence connecting up with the River Humble by a new cutting of about thirty miles, and so on to Southampton Water. The rival scheme comprehends the River Thames as far as Shepperton, the River Wey to Weybridge, and then, joining the Woking and Basingstoke Canal, through Aldershot to Basingstoke, whence a new cutting of about fifteen miles would be made to Winchester, where the River Itchen would be requisitioned as far as Southampton.

In each case the existing water-ways would be deepened and widened, and in the place of the "slow but sure" ancient method of horse-towage there would be motor and electric overhead-wire traction. Experience has taught us that to man and tow a barge of small tonnage is almost as costly as to man and tow a barge five times the size: herein quantity is the chief factor, and



A PRETTY VIEW OF FRIMLEY BRIDGE

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR'S new book, "Across Coveted Lands" (Macmillan), is by far his most serious and striking piece of work. It is unquestionably one of the most valuable and informative works on travel and exploration which have been published for many years. Mr. Savage Landor's exuberant style has been much toned down since his famous journey to Tibet, and, though there is nothing in his new volume to compare with the sensational stories of his Tibet adventures, there is an air of reality and hard matter-of-fact in the description of his journey across Coveted Lands which makes the book a really valuable contribution to our knowledge of the political and commercial positions of the Far East.

Mr. Savage Landor, who is now in New York, is said to be making arrangements for an exploration of the Valley of the Amazon.

Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life of Queen Victoria" should prove the Biography of the season. It is the first adequate and in any way satisfying attempt to give Queen Victoria her rightful place in the history of the nineteenth century and of the world. As a character-study and as a piece of historical writing it is alike admirable.

Mr. Frank Norris had completed before his death the second volume of his "Trilogy of Wheat." It will be remembered that the first of this series, entitled "The Octopus," aroused great interest. But I understand that it is generally admitted that the sequel, "The Pit," is an even more striking novel. It tells of a gigantic attempt to corner the world's supply of wheat, to force it up and hold the price through the spring, until the new crop comes pouring in and the daring speculator is overwhelmed by the rising tide, "A human insect impudently striving to hold back with his puny hands the output of the whole world's granary." There can be little question that, as a drama of mad speculation, "The Pit" is the nearest approach to Zola's "L'Argent" that has yet been made in England.

A newspaper recently headed a review of a number of new novels with the significant words, "Wilful Waste," and the writer made, if I remember rightly, an interesting computation of the millions of words, of the reams of paper, and the bottles of ink—to say nothing of the pens—which had been wasted in the production of some half-a-dozen volumes of what he termed "second-class fiction." And now comes an American Professor with a suggestion that a College be founded for the training of budding authors. His contention is that we don't allow our budding lawyers and physicians to try their 'prentice hands upon us—at least, we try not to allow them to do so; therefore, why should we permit a raw, untried author to see how we will stand any freakish effort that he may be able to foist upon us? He suggests that a law similar to the one governing the practice of law, medicine, and other professions be passed to regulate the practice of literature. In his proposed College there will be departments for every detail of literature, and the making of the novel will be specialised. There will be special instructors for the development of plot, experienced instructors in love scenes (Whew!), and, for the benefit of the historical novelist, there will be special instruction in fencing. It is delightful to find the American Press discussing this suggestion with great seriousness. "Such a College," says one paper, "would only merit serious consideration if it were possible to give imagination and inventive faculty to young men and women." They must be suffering pretty badly on the other side of the water from the budding novelist.

It is said that General Grant's widow has completed her Memoirs, which are likely to rouse a storm of controversy.

One of the most pleasing gift-books of the season is certainly the new edition of Gilbert White's "Selborne," illustrated and annotated by the Brothers Kearton, the well-known naturalists (Cassell and Co.). Mr. Cherry Kearton was, I believe, the pioneer among Nature photographers, and he certainly more than holds his own against all comers. His pictures are in every way beautiful productions, and every time I see them I marvel the more at the pluck and patience which have gone to the making of each photograph. Mr. Kearton is a real photographic artist—the photogravure of Selborne which forms the frontispiece of this volume is an exquisite piece of work—and every one of his pictures is a pleasure to contemplate. Mr. Richard Kearton has added a number of most interesting notes from his own experience of Nature. They show rare insight and knowledge and add immensely to the charm of an old favourite. Altogether, this is a book to delight all Nature-lovers.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's new novel will be called "The Adventurer in Spain." Mr. Crockett has lately spent much time in travelling in remote parts of Spain, a country which has a great fascination for him.

Madame Adam has now completed the first volume of the series of Autobiographical Recollections upon which she has long been at work, and a translation is to be issued shortly, under the title "The Romance of my Childhood and Youth." o. o.

TWELVE CHRISTMAS PICTURE-BOOKS.

Christmas, despite the predatory onslaughts of horrid grown-up people, still remains the children's festival, and the publishers, recognising this all-important fact, have this year brought out picture-books of a more elaborate and amusing nature than usual. The best of these, undoubtedly, is Hassall's "A, B, C of Everyday People," with verse by G. E. Farrow (Dean). Mr. Hassall's work is so familiar to readers of *The Sketch* that it will not be necessary to say very much in praise of the twenty-six drawings contained in this treasury of humour. They are well up to his standard, and are sure to prove highly popular in the nurseries of England. Another book of drawings by Mr. Hassall, with verse by Clifton Bingham, is called "Six-and-Twenty Boys and Girls" (Blackie). This volume runs the "A, B, C" very close. Walter Emmanuel and

Cecil Aldin are also to the fore with "A Dog Day" (Heinemann). This is a chronicle of the way in which "the angel in the house" spent his day, and is dedicated to W. W. Jacobs "because he liked it." I am bound to say that the drawings infinitely surpass the letterpress, which at times rather borders on the vulgar. As I have intimated, however, the pictures are excellent, every one of them being worth a frame. "Wonderful England," by Mrs. Ernest Ames (Grant Richards), is more on the lines of a social skit adapted to the intelligence of the nursery. Both the verses and pictures are rather crude, but amusing. Another artist known to *Sketch* readers is Mr. Harry B. Neilson, the clever delineator of the humorous side of animal life. His contribution to the Christmas fun is entitled "Games and Gambols," with verse by John Brymer (Blackie). Mr. Brymer is also responsible for the verses about "Two Merry Mariners," illustrated by Stewart Orr (Blackie). Other illustrated Christmas books are "Babes of the Empire," by Thomas Stevens, pictures by A. H. Collins (Heinemann); "The Golliwoggs' Air-Ship," by Florence K. Upton, verses by Bertha Upton (Longmans); "Yule's Book I," anonymous (Simpkin, Marshall); "The Visit to London," pictures by Francis D. Bedford, verses by E. V. Lucas (Methuen); "Young George," by Edith Farmilow (Heinemann); and "Kids of Many Colours," by Grace Duffie Boyland and Ike Morgan (Pearson).



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NEW GIFT-BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

AS usual, Messrs. Blackie and Son are well to the fore with the Christmas gift-books for boys and girls. Out of their parcel containing twenty-five beautifully bound and well-illustrated books, six volumes come from the pen of G. A. Henty, that great favourite of school libraries who so recently passed away. Mr. Henty's books are (1) "With the British Legion," a story of the Carlist Wars, with ten beautiful page illustrations by Wal. Paget; (2) "In the Hands of the Cave-Dwellers," illustrated by Wat Miller; (3) "Through the Fray," a tale of the Luddite Riots, with six beautiful page illustrations; (4) "With Kitchener in the Soudan," a story of Atbara and Omdurman, with ten illustrations by William Rainey, R.I., and three maps; (5) "The Lion of St. Mark," a story of Venice in the fourteenth century, with six full-page illustrations; and (6) "The Treasure of the Incas," a tale of adventure in Peru, with eight illustrations by Wal. Paget and a map.

Every one of these volumes is written in the healthful, vigorous style that always characterised this author's work, and it will be difficult to imagine any better Christmas present for the average English boy or girl than one of Mr. Henty's volumes. It is impossible in a short space to give a detailed list of Messrs. Blackie and Son's Christmas books, but one may mention "In the Great White Land," a story of the Antarctic Ocean, by Dr. Stables, with six illustrations by Ambrose de Walton, and a map. An excellent book for girls is "The Girls of Banshee Castle," by Rosa Mulholland, with six full-page illustrations by John H. Bacon.

Mrs. Henry Clarke's "Fairclough Family," illustrated by G. Demain Hammond, makes good reading, whilst a very thrilling book for boys is "Under the Spangled Banner," a tale of the American-Spanish War, by Captain F. S. Brereton, with eight illustrations by Paul Hardy. That well-known author, Mr. Ernest Glanville, comes forward with "The Diamond Seekers," a tale of adventure by veldt and river, illustrated by William Rainey. This vigorously written yarn tells how Mark Clinton, fresh from a Public School, passes a few days on a country estate before leaving for Cape Colony to learn farming. While undergoing some severe tests of his mettle he captures a poacher. This poacher proves to be a Colonial boy brought up on the veldt, where he has learned the ways of animals and the art of tracking, and he has a tale to tell of mysterious diamond-mines. For the remainder of the story the reader must be referred to the volume itself.

A very well written tale is "A Mystery at St. Rule's," by Ethel F. Heddle, illustrated by G. Demain Hammond. The name of Robert Leighton always suggests mystery, crime, and virtue triumphant. In "The Golden Galleon," Mr. Leighton puts his characters into costume, and the story is quite the best kind of historical romance.

Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., send four books that come under this category. The daintiest and perhaps the most amusing of these is "In Search of the Wallpug," by G. E. Farrow, with illustrations by Allan Wright. Boys of a scientific turn of mind, however, will be very

glad to get hold of "The Romance of Modern Invention," by Archibald Williams, which consists of interesting descriptions of wireless telegraphy, submarines, air-ships, and so forth. "The Story of a Scout," by John Finnemore, and "The Boy's Book of Battles," by Herbert Gadett, are both exceptionally strong.

"Two Little Travellers," by Ray Cunningham (Nelson), is a pretty story for girls, whilst their brothers will be equally interested in "Fallen Fortunes," by Evelyn Everett-Green, issued by the same house.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co.'s list includes a very well-written fairy-story, entitled "The Admiral and I," by H. Escott-Inman, illustrated by E. A. Mason, and the same publishers have also sent out "Little Mother Meg," by Ethel Turner. "The Other Boy," by Evelyn Sharp (Macmillan), contains illustrations by Henry Sandham, and is quite up to this author's average, whilst an exceptionally good book for any youth of classical turn of mind is "The Boy's Iliad," prepared by Walter C. Perry, with illustrations by Jacob Hood (Macmillan).

Messrs. John Dent and Co. reissue "A Child's History of England," by Charles Dickens, the volume being copiously illustrated by Patten Wilson. Every child should read this admirable volume. "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" have been adapted for children by Doris Hayman and published by Messrs. Dean and Son.

"LORD CURZON IN INDIA."

Perhaps no one could be found more capable or better qualified than Mr. Caldwell Lipsett to write an appreciation of the memorable work which Lord Curzon has done in the East during the past four years. Before becoming Assistant Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Lipsett had been on the staff of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore, and he thus writes of Indian affairs with a knowledge gained to some extent from personal experience. "Lord Curzon in India, 1898-1903" (Everett), is in no sense a mere eulogy, for in at least one instance the author does not hesitate to find fault with the Viceroy's procedure, namely, in the issue of the Circular Letter during the famine of 1899-1900, which,

however well-intentioned in practice, turned out most unfortunately. The chapter on "Russia, Afghanistan, and Persia" is particularly instructive. From the first page to the last, however, the little work is full of interest, and the reader can hardly fail to agree with Mr. Lipsett's concluding estimate: "In fact, it is not too much to say that, in ability, in insight and sympathy, and in versatility, he (Lord Curzon) has proved himself the best Viceroy that India has had since Lord Lawrence; perhaps we might go even further back, and say, since the Marquis of Wellesley." An Appendix contains the complete text of Lord Curzon's eloquent speech, delivered in the Imperial Legislative Council at Simla in September, justifying the cost of the Delhi Durbar, which will, in the Viceroy's opinion, be an epoch-making event.



STUDIES BY W. D. ALMOND, R.I.—III. THE DAIRY-MAID.



BRAVE MEN.

[N.B.—Observe the magnificently reckless method of holding the gun.]

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



BINKS (who has not quite recovered from the festivities of the previous evening, seizing hair-brush instead of hand-mirror):
Great Scott! I do want a shave!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

"THE CHARM OF THE GOLDEN-ROD."

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.

Illustrated by Oscar Wilson.

And all over upland and lowland,
The charm of the Golden-rod;
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

"OUR Nell's just about bad," they told him as he passed on his way to work. They shook their heads, and, catching his lengthening look, their own faces fell still further, in unconscious imitation. When Nell was in good health, they had been apt to laugh at his undisguised devotion to her; to show him, as undisguisedly, that, in the opinion of her family, it was mere presumption on his part to set his cap, ever so timidly, at their pretty, spoilt Nell.

But now, shaken by fear, cut adrift from their habitual unquestioning trust in a vaguely realised Providence, they found an unexplained relief in handing on their apprehensions to one who was safe to feel all they were feeling, with some possible additions of his own—companions in adversity being the absolute need of their natures. So through the early morning air their voices followed him in a dirge the sick girl must have heard in her room above: "Just about bad, she is"; and then in the evening again, "Bad, mortal bad," with all her symptoms, and all the dread things they pointed to, enlarged upon by father and mother in turn, amply prompted and backed up by the numerous offspring which the Providence of their trust had sent them in unbroken succession from Nell.

If there was anything he could do? His expressive eyes implored their consideration of him with regard to any humblest sphere of usefulness as he lingered on the worn door-step. They certainly considered, but for the moment nothing came to them, to their obvious regret. For although as a possible son-in-law, as even a lover for Nell, he had not attracted them—had not greatly, as it seemed, attracted Nell—yet in times of sickness, as her mother said, there was no telling what might come in handy, and they decided to leave the question an open one. In the meantime, at her own suggestion, Ivy, a five-year-old plant, rode home with him aloft on his wide shoulder. Ivy loved Joe for merits she alone had discovered in him, connected with rides and pennies for sweets and boisterous romping, and was much set up at the prospect of supper and a bed in Joe's cottage.

"It'll be one less to make a noise," he suggested, timidly. The next night it was three less, the two youngest boys inviting themselves, fired by Ivy's account of her supper and the glorious freedom of Joe's cottage. "Might as well all come as likes," was his next suggestion, and Nell's cramped little home was cleared of all the younger and noisier members of the family, at least for the hours he could claim as his own.

But Joe's ambition included a daily present for Nell herself, and that took some thinking out. The children ordered their own suppers, arranged just how he was to amuse them, and gave him sound advice and instruction concerning their morning and evening toilets. But who could tell him how best to convey his strong heart's tender pity for a loved and stricken lass by means of the few things at his command? Since the nearest town was a train journey distant and all his evenings were occupied, he was restricted to the produce of his garden—or, at best, of the village shop. As fresher, he generally made it garden produce; thus, beans and marrows formed his love-tokens while they lasted, with still more homely first-fruits to follow. "For Nell," he would say, with a basket of potatoes. "Tell her they're fresh dug." No one told him that in typhoid fever, vegetables, however fresh, are forbidden dainties, and not for fear of hurting his feelings, but because there were others who could eat them and were

glad to. Something useful, that's what she'd be sure to like—so he stilled any dim doubts of his own. When she was well again—God, how long it seemed!—he'd buy her a trinket if she'd take it, but what possible good could jewellery be to one in bed? No, something to eat, warranted well grown and fresh, must be the proper thing. And surely Nell would understand—if she grew better.

Nell grew better, but she did not seem to understand. "The great gawk might have known as I couldn't eat his old garden stuff!" she would laugh while her laugh was still feeble. "If he thinks he's given *me* anything, I shall undeceive him pretty sharp. Cabbages, indeed—and me at death's door!" The usefulness of cabbages to a family too fond of gossip and the society of the village inn to waste time on gardening she passed over. She thought of the wonderful hot-house flowers the Lordling in the romances she loved would have showered on his lady-love in a predicament like hers. Impassioned notes she might have clasped unread in her fevered hand would have been hidden amongst them, and their perfume would first have greeted her returning senses. But—cabbages!

Illness, it appeared, had only emphasised in her a fastidiousness Joe had often in his simple, downright fashion managed to offend.

Then, at last, came a Saturday afternoon when Nell, frail and white, but looking prettier than ever before with the refining touch of illness to soften her rather too pronounced good looks, took a walk in the direction, as it chanced, of Joe's cottage. This was the longest walk she had taken, and, forced to move very slowly, she had plenty of opportunity for looking about her; was able to see Joe coming along, for once, before he saw her: Joe tidied up and carrying his daily offering—a huge bunch of Golden-rod instead of the customary cabbage; Joe with a long face and hesitating gait, for, as a substitute for cabbages, he thought but poorly of the flowers himself.

For Joe's time had been so taken up with Nell's brothers and sisters that his garden had missed him considerably, and to-day there was not anything quite in readiness to be sacrificed. Circumstances had been against him; this woman had sold her last egg, her neighbour had not a damson "to her name." Only a bunch of flowers, huge but valueless because wild. He was "minded," as he put it, to fling it away and own himself at the end of his resources. And then he looked up, to see Nell's slowly advancing figure tottering uncertainly along, and he must hurry towards her; it was too late to rid himself of his burden.

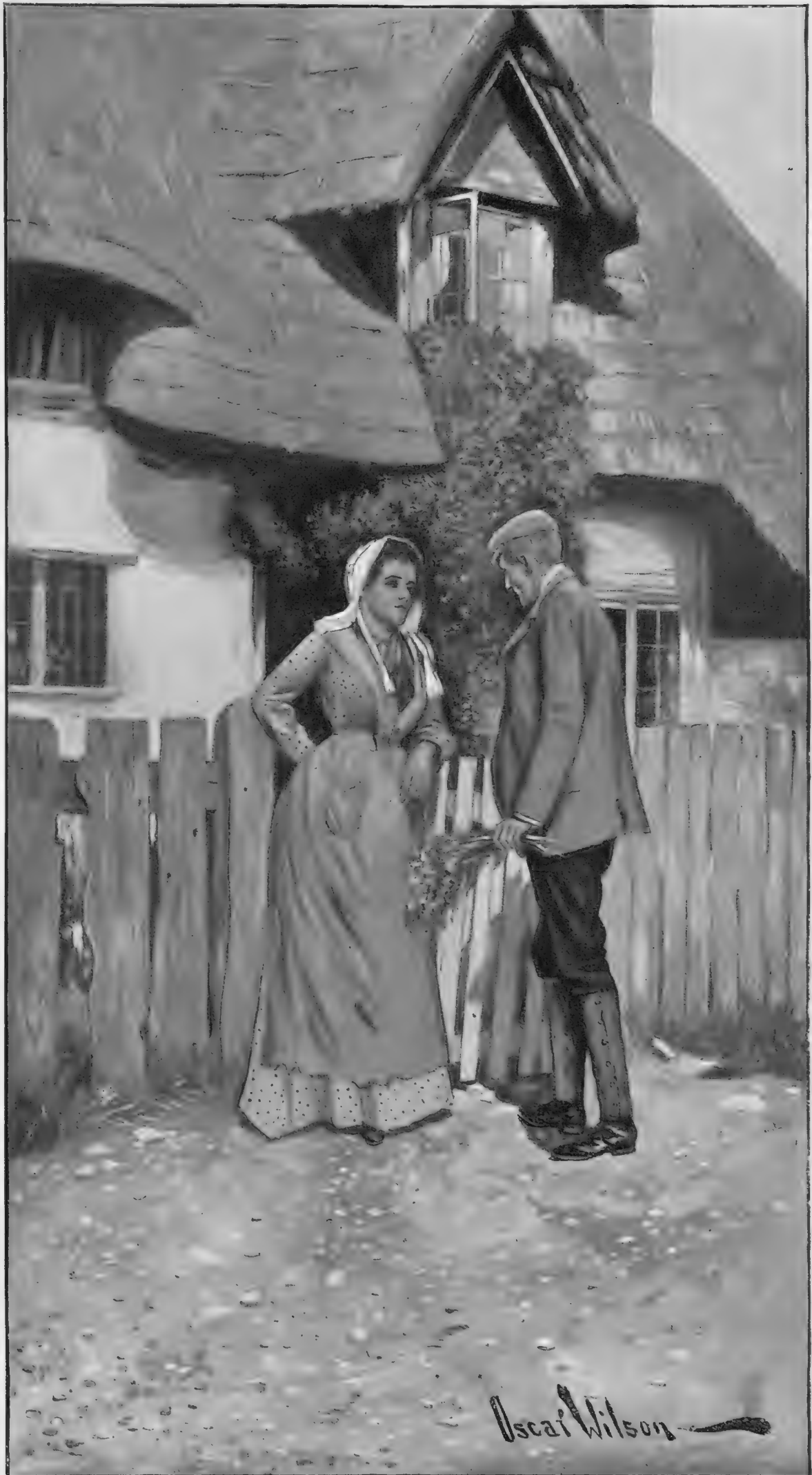
The afternoon sunshine lit up the great bunch of Golden-rod; lit up Joe's face behind it. His hair, where his cap allowed it to be seen, was the colour of the flowers; his face was radiant with the smiles the sight of Nell always brought to it. Until he reached her and turned to walk at her side—then it fell.

"You out so far and me with nothing better to mark the day for you than these poor flowers!" he complained. "Wild 'uns, too. It does seem contrary-like."

"I'm a bit wild myself, times," said Nell, with her feeble laugh; "so, perhaps, 'tisn't so unsuitable as all that."

But Joe could not bear a word said against Nell, even by Nell herself.

"You're no wild 'un," he declared. "Sweetest girl ever stepped. Dear heart, I can't have you be-calling yourself. Golden-rod they names this stuff, and if it was the real thing—real gold with no rod to it—then I should feel some right to ask you what will out, whether or no. 'Tis seeing you so well does it, Nell, for I know the rough



"Yet how I love you, to be sure!" he sighed.

"THE CHARM OF THE GOLDEN-ROD."

fellow I am—what a poor sort for a pretty girl like you. And I've seen you laughing at me often enough. But for love, you couldn't squeeze more love, Nell, out of any one human heart than there is in mine for you."

They had reached Joe's cottage while he talked. Unconsciously, he paused, and Nell, glad to rest, white and a little breathless, leant against the low wooden gate, silent still.

"This little place and the work of my two hands and every thought of my heart, but that's all, Nell. I've no more to offer you, and it's but a poor lot. Lord, how I'd work!" He stopped short, then shook the flowers in his big fist vindictively. "If these were golden sovereigns all, that would bring a home a little nearer to being worthy of you, may be." A foolish something caught him by the throat, and his next words came in a strangled, altered voice. "If they were sovereigns all, would it—could it make any mite of difference, Nell? 'Tis a senseless question, but could it?"

"No," was Nell's whole answer—an unaccustomed monosyllable.

"Yet how I love you, to be sure!" he sighed.

He had been too engrossed to notice how whiter than ever the girl was, or to learn anything from her unusual quietness.

"If you could even like me, Nell?" he pleaded.

"I do," said Nell; "I've told you that before."

"Could liking ever grow to love?"

"Why not?"

At last he looked at her, and stood aghast at what, it seemed, he saw. His face grew red under the tan; his blue eyes stared

distractedly; the flowers fell from his nerveless fingers; though he plainly tried, he could not speak. Defeat, refusal, he had expected and had trained himself to bear. But the unexpected had unmanned him, and in a hot and palpitating silence did Joe, the awkward, meet the astounding fact that, after all, it was not refusal that awaited him.

Nell caught at a branch of the Golden-rod as it fell, and twirled it in her thin fingers.

"I've always liked you; it's only my way to laugh," she said. "There's nothing in it. Like as not, I'll laugh at you up to my dying day; but if you take me, you'll find there's no harm in that—that it won't prevent me being a good wife and loving you. When it changed to love I don't know rightly, but—but I know, when you brought all those cabbages and things for the others to eat up and me never to see, I used to wish they was something I might hold because it came from you, and—and I hated the thought of cabbages, till I half thought I hated you. But when I saw you coming along with that great yellow bunch, and the sun on your face making it shine like a sun behind it, and looking so strong and bright, I knew better than that——"

But Joe had found his speech. "Lord, how I love you!" he cried, as his strong arms went round her.

"That's all I want," said Nell. "Yet, I think, if you'd come this time with a cabbage, I should have refused you."

"Then bless the flowers!" laughed Joe. If he could not wholly understand such an attitude, he was content to disregard what his mind would not grasp—while his arms grasped Nell.

THE END



CHRISTMAS EVE IN A PARISIAN RESTAURANT.

DRAWN BY JAMES GREIG.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



AFTER Mr. Forbes-Robertson's revival of "Othello," which is taking place as we are going to press, the next important "première" of the week is Mr. Wilson Barrett's first London production of his new Anglo-Saxon drama, "The Christian King," at the Adelphi to-morrow (Thursday) night. When I went to Bristol to see this play for *The Sketch*, a few weeks ago, I notified my readers

that, owing evidently to a certain important *cause célèbre* which loomed large in our Law Courts for so many days together, this clever—not to say, audacious—comedy of Mr. Esmond's has been drawing quite a number of High Society folk, including many relatives of the parties concerned in the suit.

Sir Henry Irving, having got to the end of his present tour, will, I find, at once go "a-resting" (as the player-folk say), prior to his starting another short tour soon after Christmas. In the meantime, Sir Henry has, I gather, got well forward with the extensive preparations needed for his production at Drury Lane next Easter of Sardou's new play, "Dante," as translated by Mr. Laurence Irving, who wrote that clever if somewhat creepy play, "Peter the Great," for his distinguished father. I may, perhaps, be permitted to remind you that Sir Henry takes the chair at the Annual Dinner of the Actors' Benevolent Fund at the Hotel Métropole to-night (Wednesday).

It has been extensively paragraphed that, as Miss Ellen Terry has no character in "Dante," she will, forthwith, proceed on an American tour, under the auspices of the many-companied Mr. Charles Frohman. I have good authority—Miss Terry's own—for stating that it is more than likely that this delightful actress will first of all run a short suburban and provincial tour on her own account.

As I have before stated, on Miss Terry's own authority, she will not any more play Olivia, which she always enacted with such infinite charm. It may be interesting for her and her multitudinous admirers to learn, however, that yet another adaptation of "The Vicar of Wakefield" has been added to the already long list thereof. One of the best of the early adaptations was Tom Taylor's, in which the present Mr. William Farren's father—the William Farren—played Doctor Primrose, and the late Mrs. Stirling, then a young and



MISS PATTIE BROWNE AS TWEENY IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON,"
AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker-Street, W.

that, although this new drama of Mr. Barrett's does not claim any special pretensions to poetry or to what is dearer still to certain "intense" new critics, psychology, yet it does claim (and, to my thinking, claims rightly) to be a really dramatic historical drama. Anyhow, I feel sure that you will think it a play full of interest and as chockful of strong situations as the still surviving Mr. Sol Gills is of science.

By the time these lines appear in print, Mr. Barrett will have arrived at the Adelphi after enormous business at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he played "The Christian King" all the week. And this result was achieved in spite of Mr. Barrett having against him the strongest opposition that could possibly be booked, namely, Sir Henry Irving. I learn that Sir Henry kept characteristically sending along to wish his old friend Barrett well, and ever and anon the Somersetshire Henry and the Yorkshire Wilson foregathered and had a blithe time together gleefully comparing notes as to their respective big returns.

During his last two bookings, Mr. Barrett has been offering prizes for essays upon Alfred the Great, and in each town some two thousand juvenile essayists competed. Also during these visits Mr. Barrett contrived to convince certain journalists who objected to his having represented the late great Alfred as a clean-shaven King.

Next Thursday afternoon, Mr. Bouchier will produce at the Garrick the new version of Charles Kingsley's delightful story, "The Water-Babies," as adapted by that droll Daly's comedian, Mr. Rutland Barrington. This adapter has contrived to use all Kingsley's own lyrics, plus several apparently clever numbers from his own pen and from the pens of others. A powerful Company has been engaged, and a special feature will be made of the Under-the-River scenes of this play, which will be given at matinées only, so as not to interfere with the usual nightly performances of "My Lady Virtue." By the way, I may perhaps be permitted to state (of course, under all the reserves)

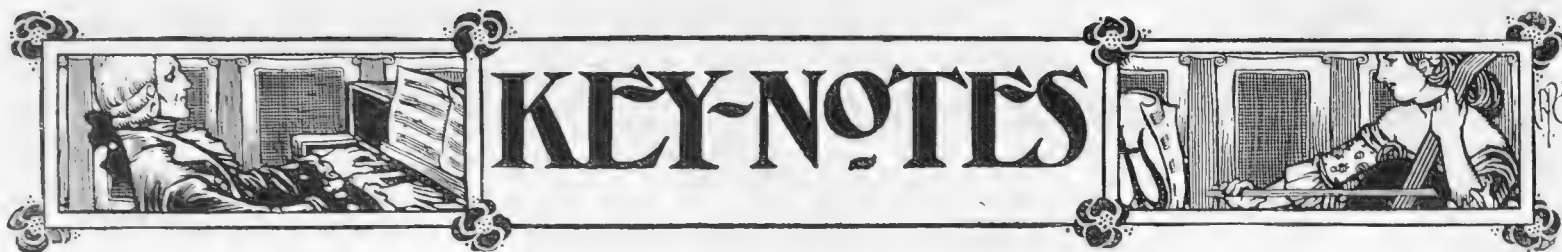


MR. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT AS MAX IN "THE MOUSE."

(SEE PAGE 326.)

Photograph by Langfrier, Old Bond Street, W.

charming actress, impersonated Olivia. The latest "Vicar of Wakefield" drama is by Mr. Charles Hannan, who adapted "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance" for Mr. Martin Harvey. Mr. Hannan, somewhat daringly, as I think, calls his "Vicar of Wakefield" play "Sweet Olivia."



THE most interesting musical event, by far, of the past week has been the performance—the first performance in England—at the Queen's Hall, of Richard Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben." One says, in the order of time, "an event of the past week"; but, as a matter of fact, its importance is to be measured by the artistic production of years. Elgar's "Gerontius" may be the one exception; but, with that reservation, there is nothing since "Parsifal" which approaches it in musical value or in musical significance.

Richard Strauss is essentially modern; and he is modern in the sense that he encompasses all the greatness of modernity. Some men can be cheaply modern; but their work disappears within the passage of a few years. They write songs that make the tap-rooms leap for joy, and the barrel-organs coin pennies innumerable. To be modern in the extreme artistic sense that distinguishes the art of Strauss is to be, in a sense, an inventor—certainly an innovator. Strauss, knowing all the scholastic rules of his art, deliberately, when it so pleases him, disregards them. His apprenticeship has taught him how to break bounds. If he desires to write that which, half a century ago, would have been called "beautiful music," he does so in the finale to his "Ein Heldenleben" with the greatest deliberation and with the utmost assurance. That is to say, he knows the rules.

But when he sets himself to contradict those rules, to set them at absolute defiance, to throw them over as one might throw ballast from a descending balloon in order to make it soar to Celestial heights, he does so without a pang. His "tone-poem," to use what is fast becoming an everyday phrase, deals in part with the hero's battle with the new, the unlooked-for things of life. Here Strauss, always masterly, always resolute, prepares his hearers for that which is to follow by page after page of a discordant riot of music that becomes almost impossible to endure. Yet he is only reduplicating the effect of resolution from discord into simple harmony which has long been recognised as one of the most impressive lessons of great music. You endure it only to reap the final reward of the best kind of musical emotion when, with the disappearance of every discord, the score develops into long-drawn melodies of exquisite loveliness.

Strauss himself conducted the Queen's Hall Orchestra, which had been through quite an exceptional course of rehearsals. One ventures to say that no better performance could have been given by any other European combination of players. The only thing that rather injured one's patriotic sense—seeing that there was no particular reasonableness about the matter—was the introduction of Herr Zimmermann as the solo violin-player. Of course, he is an artistic musician; but one may say, without prejudice, that Mr. Arthur Payne would have

been quite as successful as was Herr Zimmermann in the portions assigned to the principal violin.

Apropos of the same concert, Mr. Henry Wood secured from his forces quite a magnificent interpretation of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. It is delightful to be able to record that, after his recent vacation, Mr. Wood seemed to be altogether in his best form, and his reception was markedly enthusiastic on the part of a crowded house. At the same concert Tschaiikowsky's Concerto in B-flat minor (Op. 23) was given, the pianoforte part of which was played quite brilliantly by Madame Carreño. Madame Carreño very often appears, even to the sympathetic listener, to be just a trifle lacking in sentiment; but that she is able to play with extraordinary forcefulness and with dazzling technical skill is a matter about which there cannot possibly be two opinions.

The Erard Popular Concerts, which have been taking place at the Albert Hall (under the management of Mr. L. G. Sharpe), seem, in the slang phrase, to be "catching on," if one may judge from the amount of "five-o'clock-tea talk" to which they have given rise. The fourth of the series was given last Saturday week, the chief feature of the entertainment being the really brilliant playing of the band of the Irish Guards, under the direction of Mr. C. H. Hassell. Gounod's Serenade, "Quand tu chantes," was played on the solo-cornet by Sergeant Fenwick with extraordinary truth and sentiment. As a rule, the solo-cornet, when it takes the place of the voice, is a thing distraught and to be carefully avoided. On this occasion, however, Mr. Fenwick's genuine beauty of tone made listening not a trial, but a pleasure.

At this same concert, Miss Irene Penso, whose portrait was recently published in these pages, played certain violin solos quite admirably. A Berceuse by Cui, a Mazourka by Zarzycki, and Svendsen's "Romance" were interpreted by her with exquisite feeling. The choir known as "Madame Clara Novello Davies' Glee Singers" sang a little part-song by Elgar very charmingly indeed. Other singers contributed towards the justification of this scheme of popular concerts, which should be as successful as it is ambitious.

Madame Melba's present tour in Australia seems to be a sort of triumphal progress, though this is scarcely a matter of wonder, for assuredly her countrymen have good reason to feel proud of the singer generally acknowledged to be the greatest soprano of our time. The photograph reproduced herewith shows the interior of Melbourne Town Hall as it appeared on the occasion of the first concert of her tour. Melbourne is, of course, Madame Melba's birthplace, and the audience that assembled to welcome her was the largest ever gathered together within the walls of the Town Hall. COMMON CHORD.



MADAME MELBA'S FIRST CONCERT IN THE MELBOURNE TOWN HALL.

Flashlight Photograph by Talma and Co., Melbourne and Sydney.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Racing Fixtures—Two-Year-Olds—Stakes.

THE flat-race season of 1903 will be a busy one, as the Lincoln Spring Meeting opens on March 23 and the Manchester November fixture closes the season on Nov. 28. I should mention that the Grand Military Meeting will be revived at Sandown Park on March 6 and 7. The Derby will be run on May 27, and the Oaks, for once in a way, on Oak-Apple Day. Ascot, which will, I should say, be a grand meeting, will be held on June 16 and three following days. As Royalty intend patronising Goodwood, the Sussex fixture should prove a big draw. It opens on July 28. The St. Leger will be run on Sept. 9. The Bank Holiday meetings have been fairly apportioned. On the Easter Monday, fixtures are given to Kempton, Birmingham, and Gosforth, while jumping takes place on that day at Dunstall, Portsmouth Park, and Manchester. On the Saturday previous to Whit-Monday a one-day fixture goes to Kempton, while on the Whit-Monday racing is to take place at Hurst Park, Redcar, and Dunstall under Jockey Club Rules, and at Hooton Park and Portsmouth Park under National Hunt Rules. The August Bank Holiday is given to Hurst Park, Ripon, and Birmingham. One of the most popular fixtures near London is Alexandra Park, and I regret that only four days are given to the enclosure next year, namely, April 18, July 4, Aug. 1, and Sept. 12. I understood that a licence had been granted by the Jockey Club to Wembley Park, but no fixtures have been allotted to the enclosure up to the present. The course is a good one, and it is conveniently situated to London, while the train-service is ample. One notices, in glancing through the list of racing fixtures for 1903, how Mondays are given away. The Midlands benefit largely by Monday meetings, I believe, but they are a nuisance to the big bookmakers who are compelled to attend the weekly settling at the London Clubs. Of the Home meetings, Lingfield, Gatwick, and Windsor have a good list of fixtures, and, altogether, the Metropolitan division of sportsmen are well provided for in the matter of race-meetings. I wonder the managers of the Portsmouth Park Meeting do not try their hands once more at racing under Jockey Club Rules; the track is all right now.

It is not generally known that no two-year-old may run in any race in which there is more than two hundred pounds added money before the first day of June. This probably accounts for all the best-class two-year-olds not making their début before Ascot. Running two-year-olds early in the year does not improve them, and we rarely see the winner of the Brocklesby Stakes of any use for racing at the end of the season. John Porter seldom prepares his two-year-olds to run before the middle of the June month. Indeed, the Kingsclere youngsters generally show their best form at Goodwood. R. Marsh often makes a good show with his young horses at Ascot, but seldom shows us a really good one before the annual meeting on the classic Heath. The French authorities do not allow two-year-olds to run before the end of the summer, and in that respect they display wisdom, as the French three-year-olds are certainly stouter, as a rule, than ours. The late Robert Peck believed in running a promising two-year-old right through the season. Thus, Bard was started sixteen times as a two-year-old and won every time, and, strange as it may seem, I gave

him every time. I'll tell you why. When the horse was about to make his début, Mr. Peck said to my course representative, "Tom, mine is little but good. You should follow him every time until he is beaten, and, after that, follow the one that beats him." Well, I gave The Bard when he met with his first defeat at the hands of the mighty Ormonde, and, strange to add, all the little punters backed Mr. Peck's favourite to beat the Kingsclere champion. The Bard, by-the-bye, proved an exception to the rule about two-year-olds, for he was very good at three and four years. But his was a perfect shape for racing.

The value of stakes run for under Jockey Club Rules in 1902 was over half a-million, while twenty years ago it was about a hundred thousand pounds less. It should, however, be noted that in very many cases the owners are running for their own money. I cannot see that the big ten-thousand-pounders have done any good for racing, and I hope in the near future to see them wiped out in favour

of handicaps. The only races run at the Newmarket Meetings that have a hold on the public are the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas, the Cesarewitch, and the Cambridgeshire. If it were possible to institute a couple of handicaps precisely similar to the two last-named, to be run at the Spring Meetings, they would, I am certain, catch on with the public. At the Craven, the First Spring and the Second Meetings, there are no big handicaps, and Clerks of Courses know full well the benefit to be derived from this class of race, especially if ante-post betting take place. I do not think the events would interfere materially with handicaps to be run elsewhere, while it is due to the Newmarket trainers to establish big handicaps to be run near their own doors in the early spring. The

City and Suburban will always maintain its popularity, and the Jubilee Stakes will continue to prove a big draw. The Great Metropolitan and the Chester Cup are soundly established, and would not, I am sure, be hurt if the Stewards of the Jockey Club decided to run a two-mile and a one-and-a-quarter-mile handicap, each of, say, two thousand pounds' value, at their Spring Meetings.

CAPTAIN COE.



A MEET OF THE BELVOIR FOXHOUNDS: MR. CYRIL GREENALL, THE MASTER'S BROTHER (SECOND FIGURE FROM RIGHT), THE HUNTSMAN, AND PACK.

THE BELVOIR HUNT.

The country hunted by the Belvoir lies in Leicestershire and Lincolnshire, extending from Melton Mowbray and Newark on the West to the North Sea. On the Lincolnshire side a large area of fen-land exists which is practically unhunted. The fences vary widely in character; ditches, walls, timber and blackthorn hedges are plentiful. A horse with plenty of bone is required, a flyer for the Leicestershire side and a jumper for Lincolnshire. The Belvoir dates from 1750, and is said to have become a foxhound pack some twelve years later. The Mastership had always been held by the reigning Duke of Rutland until 1896, when Sir Gilbert Greenall was appointed. The pack comprises some sixty couples, the kennels being situated at Belvoir Castle. Melton Mowbray and Grantham are considered the best centres to hunt from, though Newark and Sleaford are also worth mention.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS obtain in the giving of birthday, bridal, or Christmas presents as in all else, and the benevolent go through phases of photograph-frames, embroidered bags, and other passing fancies, as they formerly did with napkin-rings, knife-rests, wooden work-boxes, and other obsolete types of a cruder civilisation. Just now, clocks are the rage. A lately married friend had thirteen bestowed on her; but, unlike other duplicates, these were all useful and welcome, and every room has its own timekeeper and is greatly enhanced thereby. A master-piece of Mappin and Webb's adorns the hall, striking every hour with deep, sonorous voice, to the accompaniment of silvery Westminster chimes. This firm is, by the way, no less celebrated for clocks and watches than for the silver-ware and Prince's Plate with which its renown has been for long associated. Quite particularly appropriate to the present season are the numerous novelties now on show both at the Oxford Street premises and at 2, Queen Victoria Street, where an artistic surprise awaits one in the beautiful lines of the Edwardian silver, the introduction of which marks a new era in modern handicraft. Silver cigar-boxes inlaid with mother-of-pearl and enamel, champagne goblets, hammered jugs with richly wrought handles and inlaid enamels, beakers, christening tankards, porringers, jewel-caskets of faultless workmanship and elegant outline, tempt the connoisseur to responsive admiration, and, when it is added that examples of this renaissance in silver art-work can be had from thirty-two shillings upwards, the possibility of obtaining exquisite and uncommon gifts at an uncommonly low price will be made apparent. Made up in a velvet-lined case

were two finely cut scent-bottles and a powder-jar between, all with richly chased silver covers. A welcome present for the toilet-table! Scent-diffusers and manicure sets, abundantly welcome gifts always, were in varied evidence. For men, one was reminded of friendship's claims by the display of tobacco-jars, cigar-lighters, sandwich-boxes for "hungry hunters," and a hundred refinements of the luxurious modern masculine fancy besides. Amongst matters domestic, one noticed charming models of old Dutch candlesticks and salvers with antique gadroon borders, both models of simple elegance. A *café-au-lait* set in James I. style was similarly severe and effective. The "Cauldron" afternoon tea-set picturesquely recalled three-legged pots in each article, while the gorgeous Georgian period was represented in many decorative articles by rams' heads, piled-up fruit, floral festoons, and mythological monsters in high relief. From all of which it may be

gathered that few styles or periods are unrepresented in the great assemblage of domestic and decorative silver and plate on view at Mappin and Webb's City and Oxford Street houses. A few articles chosen at random and illustrated on this page will instance the exclusive and attractive character of Christmas gifts produced by the firm. A silver perpetual calendar, *par exemple*, for £2 5s., a three-handled whisky-bottle with silver fixings for £2 12s., a replica of

revolution in piano-playing which has been recently accomplished by the introduction of the Pianola. This wonderful little instrument can be wheeled up to any piano, upright or grand, and the veriest musical tyro can thereupon reproduce master-pieces which one had formerly to attend concerts of the first order to hear. As a Christmas gift, the Pianola has superlative attractions, inasmuch as its possession confers pleasure not alone on one, but every member of the family and every friend who comes to the house. The system of payment, by which one can spread the instalments over one or two years as desired,

is also another great inducement to annex so delightful an instrument, which thus opens up vistas of the best music at one's own fireside, and does away for ever with the weary work of scale and exercise and indifferent performance. The Orchestrelle Company, 225, Regent Street, send out fully illustrated catalogues, showing the Pianola "at home," on application, together with prices and particulars of the Circulating Musical Library attached, which is so great a boon to subscribers. Every owner of a piano should make every effort to complete its pleasure-giving possibilities by the addition of a Pianola.

The old truism which proclaims that true merit inevitably asserts itself sooner or later is fully borne out by the world-wide popularity that attaches to the "4711" Eau-de-Cologne. Although of comparatively recent introduction, this special "Eau" has out-distanced all hoary-headed competitors, and, in the particular qualities which appeal to womenkind, stands quite alone. It is fragrant, very lasting, and in price as moderate as it is reliable in quality. A case of six bottles is sent post free for 12s. 6d. to any address, and is

one of the most desirable and inexpensive of Christmas presents. As "4711" Cologne can be had from all first-class chemists in the United Kingdom, as well as at the Dépôt, 62, New Bond Street, there is never any difficulty in procuring it, a point worth remembering when unknown brands are foisted on one's attention. The makers of "4711" have conferred another benefit on their generation by the introduction of that most delicious of all perfumes, "Rhine Violets." The system by which the distilled essence of this lovely flower is preserved in all its fresh fragrance is entirely the secret of Mülhens, whose "Rhine Violets" stands alone amongst many unsuccessful imitations. Other distinctive specialities of the same highly scientific maker are "Mülhens' Malmaison" and "Mülhens' Rhine Gold," specialities which can be tested at the Dépôt, 62, New Bond Street. Here also one finds these favourite perfumes put up in dazzling cut-crystal bottles and dainty cases for Christmas gifts, with inviting boxes of soaps scented *en suite*, and sachets with which to sweeten layers of gloves, lace, and ribbons, in which the soul of woman delighteth. Before passing from our first topic, the "4711" Eau-de-Cologne, it may be useful to note that a blue-and-gold label makes this brand easily distinguishable from various other makes of various other qualities, and to its unique exterior the contents will be found to respond.

Caledonia, stern and wild as she may be at this time of year, has several excellent specialities, and is the birthplace of many matters besides floods and mountains and things, notably shortbread, which retains such a universal footing in our hungry affections. Gray, Dunn, and Co. are foremost among makers of this dainty, and for years supplied the late Queen with their special



ATTRACTIVE CHRISTMAS GIFTS AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.



THE PIANOLA.

the regimental drum making a delightful biscuit-box for £25, an eight-day boudoir clock, a silver-wire and glass jam-stand which is, in silver, £3 3s., and in Prince's Plate only 17s. Think of it! Together with dozens of delightful others, these specialities can, it will be remembered, be found at either the City or West-End house.

Like the fine lady of Banbury Cross, one can have music wherever one goes—and that of the best—nowadays, thanks to the extraordinary



"4711" EAU-DE-COLOGNE.

shortbread, so those who like to have the real thing should not fail to remember the name.

Messrs. Oetzmann are of opinion that "common-sense in Christmas-present giving" points to a visit to their establishment in Hampstead Road, and with some show of reason. For, where formerly people bestowed expensive Christmas cards and cheap trinkets on each other—both equally futile—nowadays in this workaday world we have come to consider the charms of utility. And so it is that Oetzmann's offer silver Queen Anne tea-sets at £3 3s.—Shade of Queen Anne!—a case of four silver salt-cellars and spoons for 23s. 6d.; a plated tea-urn for 27s. 6d.—Ghosts of our grandmothers, who thought nothing of £50 for one, forgive us our cheapnesses!—and so on *ad* silver-plate *infinitum*. Anyone sending for a catalogue will, furthermore, receive further shocks in inexpensive detail which are worth all the money.



SILVER-PLATED "QUEEN ANNE" KETTLE AND SPIRIT-LAMP.



"QUEEN ANNE" AFTERNOON-TEA SERVICE. AT OETZMANN AND CO.'S.

to 25, Bold Street, where complexion treatment and electrolysis will be carried out in the same manner as in town by equally engaging experts.

Lollipops, when of the glorified sort sold by S. Sainsbury's, of classic Strand renown, and now of 136, Regent Street, appeal not alone to the juveniles, but grown-ups very decidedly as well. The display of seductive boxes in which repose "Marquis" Chocolate and fondants of ineffable flavour is at the moment very beguiling, and Sainsbury's may be accounted one of the most difficult shops in all London to keep out of about Christmas. Beauty may draw with a single hair, but Sainsbury's beckons with a hundred more human temptations.

Certain slang phrases attach to certain periods, and one of ten years ago, or thereabouts, asked the apparently irrelevant and incomprehensible question, "Why should London wait?" Now, the only answer ever forthcoming to that mysterious query seems to apply to our Metropolitan soft-water supply, for which Londoners, indeed, still "wait," though not as those quite without hope, remembering the nearly completed reservoirs at Ashford. Meanwhile, we languish in frost, east winds, and a hard—oh, so hard!—water supply, with chapped hands and blistered lips, to which, however, the only balm of Rowland's "Kalydor" brings a certain relief, and which, as per advertisement, "cools, soothes, heals, refreshes, whitens" the hands and skin, and what not, after which the moral, "Buy a bottle," is obvious. Rowland's "Eukonia," being a face-powder, in white, cream, and pink tints, bears a doctor's certificate of purity, while surely Rowland's "Macassar Oil" needs no apostrophising, seeing that its fame was first sounded by that good-looking genius, Lord Byron himself: while the superlative Rowland's "Odonto" whitens teeth to the last degree of dazzling purity, until they almost rival the dental glories of a Kaffir or a Zulu gentleman, both of whom are noted for a display of immaculate molars.

So many people to whom most things are "leather and prunella" still retain a fondness for sweet scents and daintily perfumed soaps that it seems appropriate at this gift-giving

season to mention the delicately pretty boxes of soap and scent which Messrs. Grossmith have prepared for the Christmas season. Their specialities of "Phul Nana" perfume, toilet-powder, and soap, put up in satin-lined boxes, are very seductive, and their "Florodora" scent has justly had as great a vogue as the popular play after which it is named. The Grossmith perfumes are one and all of such superior quality that it is in itself a surety of excellence to purchase any article bearing their well-renowned name. The secret of their celebrated Indian perfumes, which are so reminiscently fragrant of the warm and luscious East, is known only to the firm, and has never been attempted, much less achieved, by any other.

In this connection it may well seem invidious not to mention the Vinolia Company, which has done so much to glorify all our toilet matters of moment, from lip-salve to nail-polish—Vinolia Soap, delicately scented, soothing to the softest skin; Vinolia Hair-wash, which does wonders in producing luxuriant crops of hair; and, last but not least, Vinolia Wood Violet, which sweetens life and its accessories, such as *mouchoirs* and the *dessous* of the well-cared-for woman, so acceptably. A new soap called "Olive-oil" is, I had almost said, indispensable in this chapping and scurifying weather, and is one of the many great successes of the successful Vinolia Company.

The gastronomic gods hold high revel at Christmas, and, if young and old did not sacrifice somewhat on the altar of indigestion, it would hardly seem as if Yuletide were being held in approved and time-honoured fashion. Those imps that lurk in plum-pudding and mince-pie have much to answer for in subsequent megrims, collywobbles, and kindred aches. But, after all, as the small boy in *Punch* remarked to his aunt, "It's worf it" at the time. With all the other good things that are showered on the children at Christmas-time, a box of Fry's Chocolate is always the most appreciated. It is a more personal possession than all other good things put together—good to look at, with its dainty exterior, *very* good to taste when the lid is off and the ribbons are untied. Hundreds of novel shapes and devices for the Christmas season have been brought out this year by Fry and Son, whose high renown for the excellent quality of their cocoas and chocolates is as wide and well known as the old Town of Bristol itself, with which they have so long been honourably connected.

I am desolated to find that a new and dainty contrivance for holding chutney or one's favourite pickle, brought out by Mappin Brothers, of Regent Street, and sketched in our pages last week, was described by a doubtless jam-loving printer as a "preserve-stand." Doubtless, the good man is a cheerful philosopher, and gives first place in his own mind to the sweets of life. Still, pickles play their toothsome part, and never can they be more seductively housed than in the aforesaid receptacle.

The neat little price-list issued by the Portable Electric Light Company, of 8, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W., contains illustrations of numerous inexpensive electrical appliances both for use and ornament. Thus, "Ever-Ready" reading-lamps, watch-stands, electric candles, clocks, and various attractive items are illustrated; but perhaps the most novel and certainly not least useful Christmas gift to bestow upon a man-about-town would be the "Ever-Ready" walking-stick, which, by a slight pressure of the thumb, produces "a most powerful and searching light," illuminating "key-holes, staircases, passages, &c.," and "especially suitable for persons who may be out late at night." Need one say more?



A PRETTY PRESENT.



A NEAT TAILOR-MADE COSTUME.

[Copyright.]

The puzzle of finding a suitable Christmas or other gift for members of the male gender can hardly exercise the affectionate feminine understanding nowadays when specially introduced novelties abound. Amongst dozens of beguiling cadeaux, one finds a glorified fountain-pen by Mabie, Todd, of special interest and use to the mere male. These pens, that flow unceasingly to our eloquence without



A "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN.

the necessity of recourse to the mundane ink-pot, are in many styles and disguises. Every "hand" can be suited to a nicety, while inherent amiability causes Mabie, Todd, to exchange any pen or nib which does not exactly fall in with one's writing mood. Besides the chief offices at 93, Cheapside, branch offices at 95A, Regent Street, and 3, Exchange Street, Manchester, are established *pro bono* scribbling *publico*.

SYBIL.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

With the approach of the holidays the Railway Companies are announcing their arrangements for the convenience of travellers. For those who wish to visit the Continent,

THE LONDON AND BRIGHTON COMPANY

will run a cheap fourteen-day excursion to Paris on Dec. 24 (first and second class), and on each day from the 21st to the 24th a like excursion will be run for the convenience of all three classes of passengers. Similar cheap tickets are also issued to Rouen. On Christmas Day the "Pullman Limited" and other trains will run from Victoria to Brighton and Eastbourne.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY

announce that on Wednesday, Dec. 24, a fast late train to Chatham, Sittingbourne, Herne Bay, Birchington, Westgate, Margate, &c., will leave Victoria 12 midnight and Holborn 11.55 p.m.; a fast late train to Chislehurst, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Hastings, Margate, Dover, &c., will leave Charing Cross at 12.55 a.m., Waterloo 12.59 a.m., Cannon Street 1.5 a.m., London Bridge 1.10 a.m., and New Cross 1.18 a.m. Third-class cheap return tickets to Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Hastings, Canterbury, Herne Bay, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Deal, Dover, Folkestone, New Romney (Littlestone-on-Sea), &c., will be issued from London by certain trains on Wednesday, Dec. 24, available for the return journey up to and including Monday, Dec. 29. Cheap tickets will also be issued to Paris, Brussels, and other favourite resorts on the Continent.

THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

For the convenience of those wishing to visit home, &c., during the coming Christmas holidays, the London and South-Western Railway Company announce special excursions, additional and late trains from London (Waterloo) and certain suburban stations to Hants, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, the Isle of Wight, Channel Islands, Paris, &c., full particulars of which are given in the programme issued by the Company, to be obtained at any of their stations and offices. Special cheap excursions will leave Waterloo Station and certain suburban stations for Paris, Havre, and Rouen on Dec. 22, 23, and 24, for fourteen days or less; on Tuesday, 23rd, and Wednesday, 24th Dec., to Exeter, Exmouth, Okehampton, Tavistock, Devonport, Plymouth, Bodmin, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Crewkerne, Yeovil, Salisbury, Swindon, Cirencester, &c.; on Wednesday, Dec. 24, to Basingstoke, Winchester, Eastleigh, Southampton, Brockenhurst, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, &c., and to Guernsey and Jersey.

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announce that cheap excursions will be run from London (Woolwich Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (S.E. and C.), Victoria (S.E. and C.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), as follows: Wednesday, Dec. 24, for four, five, seven, or sixteen days, and Wednesday, Dec. 31, for four, seven, or sixteen days, to Northallerton, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in the North of Scotland; Wednesday, Dec. 24, for four, five, six, or nine days, to Cambridge, Huntingdon, Norwich, Cromer, Yarmouth, Boston, Lincoln, Nottingham, Leicester, Derby, Manchester, Liverpool, York, Harrogate, Bridlington, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Bradford, Halifax, Blackburn, Bolton, Rochdale, and other principal stations in the Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern districts.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

issue tickets at their principal City and West-End offices, and this arrangement cannot fail to be a boon to travellers. Ordinary tickets obtained in London between Dec. 18 and 24 will be available for use on any day between and including those days. On Tuesday, Dec. 23, cheap excursions will be run from Paddington, Clapham Junction, Kensington (Addison Road), Hammersmith, &c., to Guernsey, Jersey,

Cork, Killarney, Belfast, Giant's Causeway, &c., for a fortnight or less; on Dec. 23 and 24 night, to Swindon, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Cardiff, Swansea, Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Exeter, Plymouth, Penzance, &c., returning Dec. 28 or 29; on Wednesday, Dec. 24, to Saverlake, Devizes, Frome, Yeovil, Bridport, Weymouth, Minehead, Tiverton, &c., returning on Dec. 29; and on Wednesday night, Dec. 24, to Evesham, Worcester, Hereford, &c., returning Dec. 28 or 29; to Oxford, Leamington, Birmingham, Shrewsbury, &c., returning Dec. 27, 28, 29, or Jan. 1; and to Chester, Birkenhead, and Liverpool, returning Dec. 26, 27, 28, 29, or Jan. 1.

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN COMPANY

also announce cheap excursions from London for the Christmas and New Year holidays, as follows: On Tuesday, Dec. 23, to Dublin, Greenore, Belfast, Galway, Greystones, Kenmare, Killarney, Limerick, Londonderry, Newry, Ovoca, Portrush, Sligo, Thurles, Warrenpoint, Westport, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in Ireland; to return within sixteen days. On Tuesday night, Dec. 23, to Abergele, Amlwch, Bangor, Bettws-y-Coed, Carnarvon, the English Lake District, Furness Line Stations, Holyhead, Llandudno, Rhyl, Ruthin, Whitehaven, Workington, &c., returning on Dec. 27 or 29, or on Jan. 1; also to Blackburn, Blackpool, Carlisle, Chester, Fleetwood, Lancaster, Preston, St. Anne's-on-Sea, St. Helen's, Southport, Wigan, &c., returning on Dec. 27, 28, or 29, and Jan. 1. On Wednesday, Dec. 24, to Birmingham, Coventry, Dudley, Dudley Port, Kenilworth, Leamington, Northampton, Walsall, Warwick, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, &c., returning on Dec. 27, 28, or 29, or on Jan. 1.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY

will run cheap excursion trains from London (St. Pancras) and principal provincial stations to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dundee, Aberdeen, &c., on Wednesday, Dec. 24, for four, five, or seven days, and on Wednesday, Dec. 31, for four or seven days. Cheap excursion trains will also be run from London (St. Pancras) on Wednesday, Dec. 24, to Leicester, Birmingham, Nottingham, Derby, Lincoln, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, York, Scarborough, Newcastle, and the Lake District, &c., returning Dec. 27, 28 (where train service permits), 29, or Jan. 1. On Wednesday midnight, Dec. 24, a cheap two, three, four, five, or eight days' excursion train will be run to Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, &c.; and on Friday morning, Dec. 26, a cheap excursion will be run to Leicester, Loughborough, and Nottingham, for one, two, or three days; to Bedford, Wellingborough, Kettering, and Market Harborough, for one or two days; and day excursion trains to St. Albans, Harpenden, and Luton.

THE GREAT CENTRAL COMPANY

issue an "A, B, C" programme announcing their Christmas and New Year excursion arrangements from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan Stations to the Midlands, North of England, and Ireland. Full particulars of times of starting, fares, dates and times of return, &c., for any station (alphabetically arranged) can be seen at a glance, which is a great advantage and is another of the new features introduced by the Great Central Company. Copies can be obtained free on application at Marylebone Station or at any of the Company's town offices and agencies.

Among the entertainments provided for visitors by the Management of the Hôtel Métropole, Brighton, during Christmas week is a vocal and instrumental concert in the Clarence Rooms on Christmas Day, a Grand Ball in the same rooms on Boxing Day, Cinderella Dances on Christmas evening and on Saturday the 27th, while high-class music will be played by the Métropole orchestra every evening from the 20th in the Conservatory. A dance will also take place in the Clarence Rooms on Dec. 31.

Novelty is the keystone of success in all things. The Ardath Tobacco Company have long been noted for the novelty of their high-class cigarettes and tobaccos, and their very latest production, called the State Express Cigarillo (Waldorf), is certainly one of the most novel and pleasing things I have met with in the tobacco line. At first glance, these Cigarillos have the appearance of a cigar, but on closer inspection it will be seen that they are also like a cigarette. As a matter of fact, they are something between the two, being not quite so heavy as a cigar and more substantial than the ordinary cigarette.

To-day, in the drawing-room of 5, Albemarle Street, the Countess Cora di Brazza Savorgnon will receive from 11 to 6 all interested in the revival of artistic Italian handicrafts and her Sub-Committee of the Italian National Council of Women for the co-operative production and sale of the same. This Committee is under the patronage of H.M. the Queen of Italy and H.M. Queen Margherita, both of whom give the utmost personal interest and assistance to the growth of the movement. The present exhibition will consist of laces and openwork embroidered linens reproduced from the most noted Italian models, such as those of Verelli, Titian, &c. By gracious permission, two exquisite examples just completed for H.M. Queen Margherita will be exhibited during the afternoon. The Countess di Brazza Savorgnon, who has during her residence in Italy instituted in her own province six schools for the special purpose of continuing the lace-making industries in Italy, is an American by birth.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 27.

THE OUTLOOK AND SILVER.

THE last Account of the year has begun, and although the Bank did not raise its rate, the Return was not a good one, and we are afraid that there may be further gold withdrawals for Argentina and other places. One of the most unfavourable spots is the miserable state of the Silver Market, for not only does the present



PUERTO CABELLO: HARBOUR AND FORT.

price of the white metal neutralise all the benefits of increased traffics in concerns like the Mexican Railway, and reduce the majority of the Barrier Mines to unpaying propositions, but it affects a large number of other securities, throws doubt on the power of the Indian Government to keep up the exchange value of the rupee, and dislocates all Eastern trade. Pessimists say that eighteenpence an ounce is the ultimate goal, but there will be many a rally before such a level is reached. The visit of the Mexican President is looked forward to with considerable interest, for it is said that even Mexico is to abandon the free coinage of the white metal if the great man can make satisfactory arrangements while in Europe, and this would probably be the last straw to the silver standard.

VENEZUELA'S INDEBTEDNESS.

We embarked on the South African War with a light heart. Let us not begin the Venezuelan affair in the same spirit. The treatment of foreign creditors by this Spanish-American Republic has been so scandalous that the only wonder we have, is that the responsible Governments of Europe have stood it so long. Of the public debts with interest in arrear, the total comes to about five and a quarter millions, but the really gravest offence of the Government of President Castro, is the way in which private Companies and individual foreigners have been treated. The Government owes to the Bolivar Railway Company over £60,000 for freight, and to the Puerto Cabello and Valencia Railway nearly a quarter of a million under the same head, while to German subjects large sums are due. Things have been carried on with a high hand; trains, stores, plant, and suchlike property have been requisitioned, and when payment has been suggested, the idea has been scouted with the utmost frankness. It is difficult to see how the total claims, which cannot fall far short of £10,000,000, can be met even if promises are exacted, for the total revenue of the country is only £1,600,000, and to impound the whole, or, indeed, any large part of it, appears well-nigh impossible.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the Bolivar Railway Company, which runs from Tucacas to Barquisimeto, in the State of Lara, and whose head office is in Nicholas Lane, for the loan of the photographs from which our illustrations of the harbour and fort of Puerto Cabello (where the English collier was seized), and the view on the railway line which is so typical of the country and scenery through which it passes, were produced.

YANKEES AND THE SLUMP.

To what extent the recent collapse in Americans can be connected with the influence of Mr. Morgan it is impossible to say. There may be no connection at all, and, of course, a slump brought about primarily by the stringency of monetary conditions in Wall Street is a thing which cannot be provided against by any agency. Yet there are some who ask whether the tightness of money in New York is not attributable to the operations of the Morgans, and the firm must pay the penalty of its magnitude by having all kinds of movements laid at its door for which possibly there is no foundation in fact. Fortunately for London, the open account in Yankee shares has again shrunk to diminutive dimensions, and a still further tumble is not likely to hurt anybody on this side to any extent. We know at least one powerful firm of stock-brokers the partners in which have been consistent bears of Yankees

for weeks past, selling the shares on every rise and only buying back when they saw a substantial profit. And the firm has made far more money out of Yankees during the last month or two than it has from commission. It is useless to attempt prediction as to what the future course of the market can be. Well-informed opinion says, on the one hand, that we are only on the brink of the fall for which Yankees have been riding in the past two years; on the other, it is declared that the stringency in the American Money Market is only temporary and that a sharp upward reaction is assured. The in-and-out speculators are the only ones who have any real chance of making money out of Yankees at the present time:

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Well, I'm hanged!" exclaimed The Broker, as he angrily threw his umbrella into the rack.

"You probably will be some day, Brokie," was The Jobber's consoling reflection; "but you should never meet misfortunes half-way. What is the matter now?"

"Just look at the cursed spite of events. I told all my clients to sell their Kaffirs in the middle of last month, and now I have to avoid them as carefully as I do——"

"Your tailor!" suggested The Engineer.

"Never mind," remarked The Jobber. "When you were telling your clients to sell their Kaffirs, don't you remember that I particularly warned them against following such idiotic advice, and my *clientèle* is larger than yours?"

"What do you mean?" asked The City Editor, looking up. "Are you a financial journalist, may I ask?"

"And may I be allowed to inquire whether you send our conversations to a certain weekly paper?" continued The Engineer.

"What I have said I have said," returned The Jobber oracularly; "but as for trafficking in weekly papers, you may take my solemn word that I never have anything to do with them."

"It looks rather suspicious," observed The Broker, opening his newspaper and spreading it over his knee, "but if you can give me a few good tips in the Kaffir Market, just for the moment I will not pursue an investigation that may be unpleasant to you any further."

"I do not care a fig-leaf for your threats, Brokie," retorted the other man, "not even in the coldest weather, but if you want to know a good thing——"

The carriage bent forward eagerly to listen: "——you should look out for something that you are sure is going up, and then buy it before the rise takes place."

"What a fool you are!" laughed The Engineer, as they all leant back again; "why in the world can't you talk sense for a single morning?"

"Talk sense?" inquired the other. "Well, if you want a sensible suggestion, you can lay in Windsor shares or Luipard's Vlei or Benoni, all of which will be considerably better before long."

"Would you mind," asked The Banker, "giving us some reason for the faith which is in you? One hears so many hints of the vague order that one rather likes to know upon what grounds the advice is based."

"My client evidently suspects you of having some shares to sell," The Broker whispered, *sotto voce*; whereat the old gentleman smiled, but did not attempt to refute the charge.

"Candidly," explained The Jobber, "Windsors are not much more than a fancy of mine. The Company owns a lot of property, and, as a matter of fact, is doing very well. The shares have been very much overlooked, and I think myself that they look fascinating."

"Humph!" ejaculated The Merchant. "Now tell us about Benonis."

"Gentlemen, I may at once explain that I am not in the witness-box of a fashionable divorce-case, and I must decline to submit to merely inquisitive catechism."

"Why Benonis?" pursued The Merchant.



BOLIVAR RAILWAY: MADUROS VIADUCT.

The Jobber explained that he thought they would go better from the fact that the issue of new shares now being made was guaranteed at 30s. a-share; "and you may be pretty sure," he added, "that the guarantors are not likely to rest content with a loss."

"What is the price of them?"

"Last night, they left off just under the 30s. at which they are guaranteed."

The Merchant turned to The Broker. "You can buy me a hundred, if you like."

"Thank you," returned The Broker, making a note of the order on his cuff.

"If you don't come to me in those shares, Brokie," threatened The Jobber, "I will open a shunting department with every provincial Stock Exchange in England." A sally at which the others all laughed except The Banker.

"Has shunting anything to do with the Railway Market?" asked the latter, polishing his glasses with the remains of a silk handkerchief, "because, if it has, I should advise—but never mind."

The City Editor bent suddenly forward. "What were you about to observe, sir?"

"He was about to observe," said The Jobber, hastily pulling out a list from his pocket, "that you might as well subscribe to my list for helping the poor beggars in my part of the world."

"A guinea, Brokie?" and he held out his pencil invitingly. When the card came back, five guineas had been added to a certain fund which does excellent work in the East-End.

"Thank you all very much!" cried the delighted Jobber. "The collection next week will be in aid of the fund for providing starving dealers with a Christmas dinner."

"I told you we were going to have a nasty break in the Yankee Market," said The City Editor, "and I hope you all sold bears on my advice."

"None of us here ever sell bears of anything," declared The Banker. "At least, I speak for myself, and I hope I may do the same for the others who are here."

The other occupants of the carriage at this point became deeply engrossed in their newspapers.

"But don't you think that the market will go still lower?" demanded The Engineer, looking over the top of his pink sheet.

"If the New York Money Market can get over the turn of the year without serious financial inconvenience," replied the Lombard Street authority, "it is possible that we may see better conditions again developing in Wall Street."

"What do you think of Steel Trusts?" asked The Merchant.

The Banker smiled. "When a 7 per cent. Preferred stock stands at 83, I don't think you can consider the security gilt-edged," he laid down.

"No, of course not; but should they not be cheap to a speculative investor?"

"That is a question which the economics of the iron and steel trades can alone answer, and I must admit that the mysteries of these trades pass my poor powers of comprehension."

"Vickers ought to be cheap enough to buy," put in The Engineer.

"Hear, hear!" agreed The Merchant. "As a speculative investment, I would much rather have Vickers than Steel Preferred, in spite of the difference in the yield."

"What about Nelsons?" asked The City Editor, on the look-out for copy.

The others looked at him somewhat suspiciously.

"We are not envious of appearing in print," said The Broker severely.

"Can't I ask an innocent question?" and The Journalist looked rather injured. "Of course, I treat inside information as entirely confidential."

"I'll tell you what Nelson himself said, if you will swear not to put it in your paper," said The Jobber.

"Go on," said The City Editor, anxiously expectant.

"Well, Nelson himself said that 'England expects that every man this day'—but here the speaker was kicked out on to the platform."

Saturday, Dec. 13, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

D. (Rawal Pindi).—We have passed on your letter and postal order to the Publishing Department. Would it not be as well to read the note at the head of this correspondence column before writing to the City Editor about Photogravures?

W. H. S. B.—Private letters are only answered in accordance with rule five of the correspondence rules, which are published on the first Wednesday in each month. For a speculative investment either Knights or Wolhuter are good, but, for a speculation pure and simple, we prefer Rand Mines to anything.

F. F. (Hamburg).—If you send us any more letters asking for copies of the *Golden Penny* or the *Graphic*, we cannot undertake to pass them on. Either write to the papers in question or go without what you want.

ALGY.—Thanks for your appreciation of our efforts. See answer to "W. H. S. B." as to the Kaffirs. We think the Russian Liquid Fuel shares are a very good speculative purchase.

IONA.—The bonds are all right and have a regular market price. The redemption money comes from sinking funds. As you have got them, hold on and have a small gamble; it will be more fun than selling.

NOTE.—For the next two weeks we shall be obliged to go to press early on account of the holidays, and must therefore ask the kind indulgence of correspondents.

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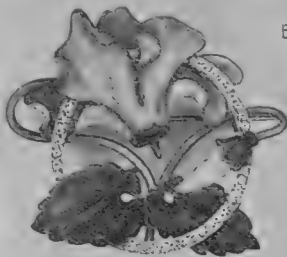
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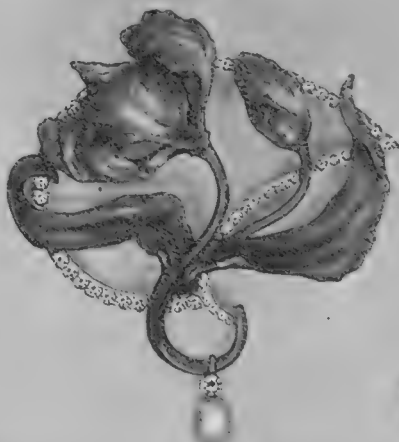
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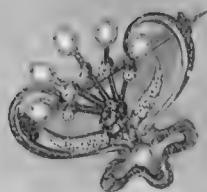
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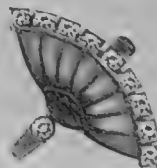
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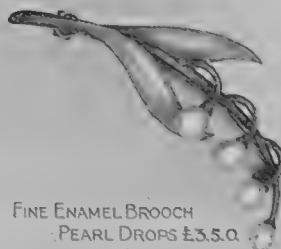
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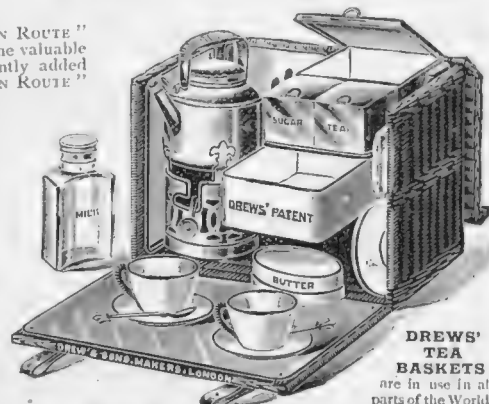
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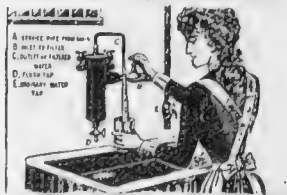
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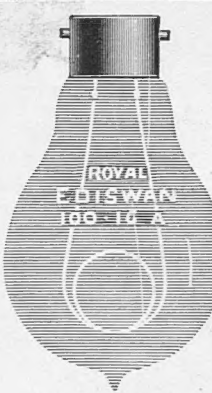
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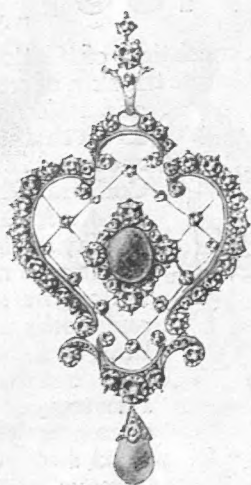
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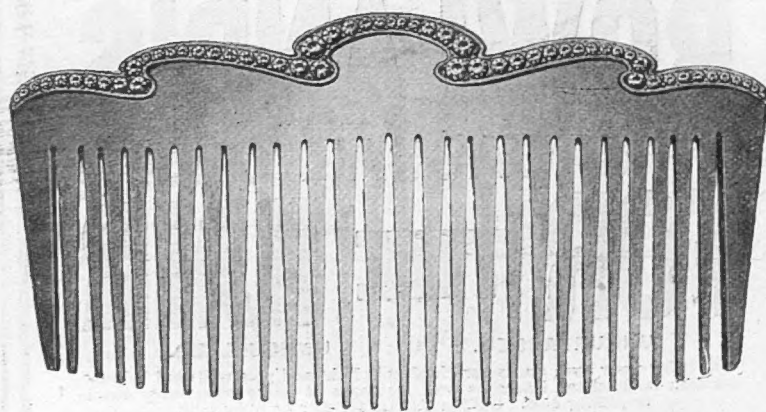
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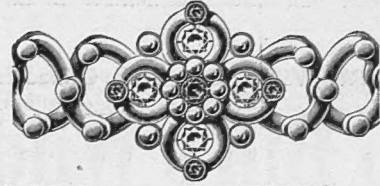
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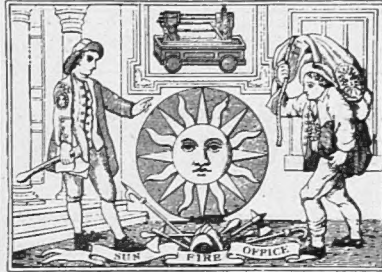
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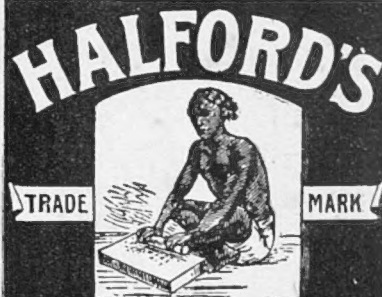
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